

CAVALCADE

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Scalped by Wild White Men — page 20



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Crusader

Cavalcade

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MANUEL FRANCISCO

Manuel smoked not opium, but compared to the intoxication caused by Mexico's peyote—the most evil narcotic of all.

WHEN DR. QUINCY wrote his book, "Confessions of An English Opium Eater," he no doubt believed that he was sitting down on paper the most incredible hallucinations, visions and other drug-induced symptoms and phenomena man is capable of experiencing.

He had good reason to think so. Dr. Quincy remained an opium addict throughout his entire adult life, having become a slave to the drug

while still a student at Oxford University.

But Dr. Quincy was wrong when he assumed that the fantasies produced by opium are the ultimate in drug-induced diabolism. In the North American continent, in widespread areas of the dry lands of the western states—such as the Rio Grande basin—and southwest in Mexico, grows a plant which has been described as "the most evil narcotic in the world."

Compared to the addicts of this plant, opium produces merely mild day-dreams. Compared to it, marijuana—which grows widely in many areas of the United States and presents a serious problem to the authorities—creates little more than child-like marijuana.

Use of this drug—which contains as many as seven different alkaloids, some of them strychnine-like in their effects, the others morphine-like—is spreading rapidly among certain American Indian tribes, among some Negro groups, and even into Canada and the Hudson Bay region. This despite the fact that opposition to use of the drug on the part of civil authorities in the United States, Canada and Mexico has never been relaxed. Demonstrations of the devil-plant are of no avail. Addicts of the superdrug so reverse its effects that they consider themselves members of a semi-religious cult!

This drug is peyote—as it is termed in Mexico, peyote as it is generally designated elsewhere. It is found in the flesh and juice of a small, spineless, carrot-shaped cactus, and it may be eaten as prepared in a thick brownish liquor which constitutes the most devastating drink known to man. Sometimes it is mixed with fermented fruit juice, but that is generally rare and actually designed to dull its terrible effects; confirmed peyote addicts seldom drink whiskey, wine or beer under the firm conviction that these drinks are bad for their health and will ultimately kill them!

Its effects are so exhilarating and weirdly so marvellous in many ways that it had attained a wide variety of names—a "god" a "demon," "The Giver of Visions," "Key to Earthly Paradise," "Drink of All Souls"—depending on the point of view. The first stage of "intoxication"

which occurs after only a moderate amount is taken, is great physical and mental exhilaration, due to the quick action of the strychnine-like alkaloids. For this reason, many of the Mexican Indians take peyote as a stimulant during foot races, when on long and fatiguing journeys, or when doing heavy work. It is also used in moderation as a stimulant during ritual dances.

The second stage is one of profound depression, nausea and weltschmerz. Despite his misery, the addict finds it impossible to sleep for at least twelve hours, even if he takes no more of the drug.

In the final stage—which sets in after more peyote is consumed and is produced by the morphine-like alkaloids—the addict experiences vivid hallucinations of the most fantastic kind, as well as disarrangements of the senses of touch, hearing, and smell. He often develops a strange super-sensory power which enables him to "see" at incredible distances and read the thoughts of others—or at least appear to do so—with uncanny accuracy. In this stage, he may point out the location of lost or stolen objects, identify criminals such as thieves and protect the future. His faith in his supernatural power at this stage is so great that he sometimes appears to work "miraculous" cures.

The effects, however, are often unpredictable and often overlap, due to the opposed effects of the stimulating and depressing alkaloids battling against each other. Often in the early stages, a form of paralysis of the muscles resembling lockjaw may set in, the addict requiring as much as four or five minutes to utter a single word.

There may be a heightened reflex action of the skin, making it quiver at the slightest touch.

In the stage of extreme psychic intoxication, the pupils of the eyes are widely dilated, although the addict is totally blind to his actual surroundings. If he attempts to walk, he sways and stumbles like an alcoholic, and all his bodily movements lack co-ordination, while he trembles constantly. He may have the agonizing sensation that his face, tongue, and all his limbs are swollen to enormous size, sometimes he may actually "feel" the past and of others only suffer mental anguish due to the imagined delirium.

The actions of psychic addicts, too, are highly unpredictable while under the influence of this drug. A man may be sitting absolutely motionless, apparently wholly lost in the infinite landscapes of visions that constantly surge before his vacant eyes, when suddenly he will leap to his feet and "run amok," flailing at the mouth and with only one thought in his brain—to kill anyone and everyone he can reach. Usually he is quickly subdued and overpowered, and the gaudiness supplied soon passes—but often lasting slaughter has been the result of psychic intoxication.

Two amazing effects of such a drug are that consciousness is never lost in any stage of intoxication. Even though the addict may be acting like a madman his conscious mind is fully aware of what he is doing through some form of "split-personality" release. There are no hangovers or ill after-effects.

Finally, the addict, at the height of his intoxication, is completely without worry and feels himself especially favored by the gods and in temporary possession of godlike powers. Among the Indian tribes that belong to the psychic "cult" are the Hopi, Kiowa, Comanche, Caddo, Ojibwa, Sisseton, Teton, Cheyenne, Winnebago and the Delaware of Oklahoma.

The Delawares provide interesting insight into why psychic has gained such a grip on so many Indian tribes. Oppressed in the past by the white man, persecuted by forces from their original lands to unknown and undesirable soil, their religious and customs gradually dismantled under the humiliating reservation system. Mostly poverty-stricken, they naturally turned to a panacea which promised them to forget, for a time, their miseries and achieve their past glories.

There are many elaborate preliminary ceremonies. Among the Hopi of Mexico, for example, the men don their heads with brilliant feathers, while the women wear bands of red and yellow feathers across their heads.

A great fire blazes in the patio of the temple, which is a vague combination of Spanish and American-Indian architecture, built of white soap. To one side, several old men beat an unending rhythm on native drums, for it is believed that steady drumming enhances the effects of the psychic. A medicine man sits near the fire beside an enormous pot of psychic liquor, chanting weird melodies.

The patio is a crazy hodgepodge of cushions—on the walls and floor of the patio are jars of holy water, a stuffed Indian skunk tied to a stake, several small clay birds, and a crucifix.

Now the dancing begins, a quick, leaping walk in which both sexes participate. Twilight is deepening, but that makes no difference; nobody can sleep while the psychic is in harm. As the dancing and storm of psychic trans-powers attached to their belts or swung from the great pot, the frenzy of their movement increases, their bodies turning and jerking continually with each leaping step. They reel and spin in a manner that would

be disgusting to us, for the alcoholics in the drug greatly increase the flow of saliva.

Taken in any form, psychic is extremely disagreeable to ingest. At least in the early stages of intoxication when the organs are still keen. It has an extremely bitter taste and a very unpleasant odor. If eaten, it must be thoroughly chewed, and even if drunk, the nausea is very great. Furthermore, to obtain complete intoxication, large amounts must be consumed.

During the first night, not much psychic is consumed, since the purpose is to avoid extreme nausea and "drug out" the organs as long as possible. Throughout the second day the fasting and moderate psychic consumption continue, for everyone is full of unnatural energy and sleep is impossible. The second night is the same as the first, but the third morning there is the greatest loading of all—and then the psychic delirium is on.

Now everyone acts and feels like a madman, as fast as he or she can. Suddenly a man with glazed eyes springs out a woman. "She-ah-ah" is a man of evil, I see him in such-and-such a place making love to the wife of such-and-such." Another man remarks: "If Ramon Figueroa will place his hands on my head, he will be cured of his tuberculosis." Still another may shout, "I see men beyond the mountains, it will be here on the morning of the fourth day and our crops will be saved from drought."

Often these "visions" are unreasonably accurate. It may be that certain senses—distant or other "hairs-on-immensurably heighted by psychic intoxication. Clairvoyance and telepathy may actually occur.

Naturally, some of the "visions" result in panderemonies, on the spot.

There is another type of psychic vision—a panorama of patterns and events in unbelievably vivid colors resembling certain dreams, but far more realistic.

Women in the dreamer's entrance change into flowers and vice-versa, women of the entire earth are seen, the dead appear and deliver messages, molecules rather than everywhere, and the dreamer moves through space from star to star. There appears to be no limit whatever to the diversity and magnificence of these psychic dreams.

Regardless of how much it is required by the greatest and superstitious, psychic is nevertheless one of the most obvious drugs in the world. Its effects are largely hallucinatory, and the "mad" it does is largely due to faith on the part of the culture.

Steering out the use of psychic will, unfortunately, be a hard and difficult process in which education will probably prove more successful than legislation, which so far has proved diametrically ambiguous.

The appalling truth is that at this very moment, the use of psychic, instead of decreasing, is increasing by leaps and bounds.



As head of the Cheka this monster sent half a million people to their deaths.



JACK GODWIN

THE WHISPERING POLE

NO one ever heard Felix Dzerzhinsky raise his voice. The man who—as the mad, blood-soaked head of Cheka, Russia's dreaded secret police—sent half a million people to their deaths, spoke in the softest drawing room tones. As an American newspaper reporter once put it, "He sits at you and you get scales down your spine."

Just what turned this mild-mannered scholarly idealist into a functional revolutionary is one of the riddles of history. None of a wealthy land-owning family, Felix Edmondso-

vich Dzerzhinsky was born in Vilna in 1875. A Pole by ancestry, he became a Russian through adoption.

At 15 Dzerzhinsky joined the alleged Social Democratic Party, much to the horror of his relatives. The Czarist police caught him red-handed, operating an underground printing press. Young Felix got his first taste of the interrogation methods he was later to perfect—two fingers of his left hand were squashed in his own press to make him "sing."

Dzerzhinsky did not stay short in Siberia, he escaped, was conspired

and promptly escaped again. In 1895 he fought in the unsuccessful revolution that followed Russia's disastrous war with Japan. High on the police blacklist, Dzerzhinsky was hunted from town to town until 1903, when the law caught up with him for the last time. Nine years hard labor in a Siberian hell-camp was the sentence.

He was still behind barred wire when the revolution of March, 1917, tore the Czarist Empire to shreds. Together with tens of thousands of other political prisoners, Dzerzhinsky found himself at liberty.

He joined up with the most radical of the parties struggling for power—Lenin's Bolsheviks. He rose quickly in their ranks and by November 3, 1917, when his party overthrew the remarkable "provisional government," Dzerzhinsky had become one of the Bolshevik top-men.

The Bolsheviks seized power, but in order to hold it they needed an instrument of suppression. With his unerring knack of picking the right man for the job, Lenin ordered Dzerzhinsky to create it.

On December 21, 1917, the most dreaded secret police force the world has ever known was born. Dzerzhinsky directed his organization "Extraordinary Commission to Fight Counter Revolution and Sabotage," but soon everyone knew it by its abbreviated Russian initials "Cheka."

At first Soviet urbanites thought it to be merely another government department. Dzerzhinsky had different ideas. He remembered the clumsily brutal but effective methods of the Czarist police, whose efforts always seemed to trail one step behind the revolutionaries. He developed an entirely new way of dealing with one's opponents, something he called "pure terror."

On August 26, 1918, Lenin addressed a mass meeting at the Mikhletoz Pal-

lary in Moscow. The Bolshevik boss was walking through the ranks of waiting workers when a dark-haired young girl blocked his path, tossed a heavy army pistol and fired three bullets into him.

The girl was Dora Kaplan-Sood, an anarchist belonging to the Socialist Revolutionary Party. She faced the firing squad bravely and never had the satisfaction of knowing that one of her shots had lodged near Lenin's spine and was to be the indirect cause of his death four years later.

For two days, while surgeons fought for the life of the dictator, an epidemic stricken hung over the Russian capital. Then, simultaneously with the news that Lenin would recover, came the Tsar.

During the night, Dzerzhinsky's lieutenants rounded up 100 co-conspirators, nobles and intellectuals in Moscow and Petrograd. None of them lived to see the following morning.

Hidden like sheep into the cellars of government buildings, the condemned victims were called out one by one. A courtyard was the usual execution chamber. The prisoner was told to kneel and a pistol placed against the top of his spine. At that moment the engine of a heavy army lorry began to roar, drowning out the shot. Three minutes later the word was ready for the next victim.

The purge did not end with those first 300—it had only begun. Before Dzerzhinsky's lesson in "pure terror" was over, the tally had risen to ten times that number.

The Cheka frankly admitted that their victims had nothing to do with the attempt on Lenin's life. "We are not interested in complexity," wrote Dzerzhinsky's adjutant, Larin, "but we mean to strike fear into the hearts of all those who would oppose the regime."

People were not arrested—they dis-

AVERAGE

I think that you would say I am
A man of average taste,
A man of average figure, too,
Forty inches round the waist—
And—measured I must now admit,
If I'm not wearing vest—
Forty inches on the tape
Around my neatly shorn
Bun when a nicely round the limbs
I proudly show my spouse,
She confesses that I'm an average
National round the house!"
—IX-REX

appeared. From theatres, restaurants and the open street, men and women were suddenly roused, bundled, unwelcomed ones and whisked into oblivion.

Inquiries at police stations were futile, even dangerous, sometimes the inquirer himself was never seen again. Entire families were wiped out without a trace, swallowed into nothingness—"liquidated." A phantom hand that struck from the dark and rubbed out the victims as if he had never existed—that was Dzerzhinsky's "pure terror."

From the middle of 1918 to the autumn of 1920, civil war raged over Russia, and it was Dzerzhinsky who kept the Bolshevik home front together. Fierce after purge, the number of victims increasing every time, redminded Lenin's internal enemies to a state of quaking hysteria. One careless word or unguarded action—and out of nowhere roared the long arm of the Cheka, and the offender was heard of no more.

It is impossible to estimate the total

number of victims of the Cheka during its four years of existence. In the course of the Civil War alone, 14,000 former landowners, 11,000 teachers and 1200 priests were "liquidated." When, in December, 1921, Dzerzhinsky reported to Lenin that "the task with which you have entrusted me is completed," nearly half a million people had learned the meaning of "pure terror."

The Cheka was officially dissolved. However, this merely meant that it continued to function under a different name and leader. Rechristened "State Political Administration"—"OGPU," it was placed under the command of another Pole, Vyacheslav Menzhinsky, who had been carefully groomed for the job.

Lenin had another task waiting for Dzerzhinsky. In January, 1922, the "Whispering Pole" became Commissar for Railroads. Seven years of war, revolution and civil war had left Russia's rail system in almost total collapse. With worn out rolling stock and hopelessly inefficient personnel, the state railways—lifeline of the Soviet government—had all but ceased to function.

Half a dozen previous Commissars had failed to remedy the situation. Lenin pinned his last hope on the red-eyed Pole who had made a name out of terror.

The morning after his appointment Dzerzhinsky appeared at the Moscow railway station. "There was an express train from Omsk the late at 12:30 minutes and where is it?" he asked the surprised station master.

The official answered that he did not know. Apparently the train had not left Omsk at all.

"Why, the station master then, and ask him what is the matter," ordered Dzerzhinsky.

The train was sent and for a full hour the ex-Cheka chief waited for

an answer. None came. The station master at Omsk was drunk and simply did not bother to reply.

Dzerzhinsky said his staff took a special train for Omsk and found the station master still at the train table.

The morning later he looked down the corridor of a train agent. The agent cracked out, and Dzerzhinsky softly announced to the waiting personnel: "Comrade, as from today the Omsk-Moscow express will run on time."

After two years, during which 24 state employees were executed for "sabotage," Dzerzhinsky had the Russian railways in some semblance of order.

Simultaneously, he undertook the monstrous job of rearing up Russia's one million stray children. These waifs, whom the civil war had made homeless and parentless, were over-crowding the country like a plague.

In March, 1923, Dzerzhinsky launched the combined forces of Red Army and OGPU on a full-scale drive against the orphans. "Be kind to

them," he ordered, "they are victims of a war they did not start."

He ruthlessly slashed his own and his underlings' salaries to build orphanages, sanatoria, - filled orphanages. Soldiers and OGPU-men delivered the dirt-encrusted waifs by the trainload. When the year ended, another million youngsters were showering up into limited quarters of the Soviet state.

Dzerzhinsky retired his last appointment in February, 1929, shortly after Lenin's death. As head of the Supreme Economic Council of the Soviet Union, he had a virginal aim to win the life-and-death struggle between Stalin and Trotsky for supreme power. Dzerzhinsky was one of the few who backed the silent pipe-smoking man from Georgia.

His choice turned out to be right, but he did not live to see it confirmed. After a heated session of the Economic Council on July 3, 1928, Dzerzhinsky suffered a stroke. The man crowing the high point of violence died peacefully in his bed.



WHAT MAKES US OVEREAT?



MAX MILLMAN

Here are the reasons why many people overeat to the point of treachery and dangerous obesity

THE one and only important cause of obesity is overeating. Although in the past, heredity, the glands and metabolism of metabolism were blamed for excessive weight, today these theories have been largely discarded. Practically all authorities in the field of nutrition and metabolism agree that the only true responsibility for accumulation in the body is when the food intake is greater than that utilized as energy or work.

We require food for life and health. Thus, of course, is common knowledge. What we often forget, however, is that we sit down at the table to eat not so much for the purpose of self-preservation as because of

hunger and appetite. It isn't always easy to tell where hunger ends and appetite begins. The two terms are not synonymous. Hunger is an instinct we are born with it. It is independent of learning or conditioning. In a physiologic sense, hunger may be defined as the unpleasant sensation in the gut of the stomach resulting from a lack of food.

Appetite, on the other hand, is an emotion. It is a desire for a repetition of some pleasant taste, smell or experience of the past. We are not born with our appetite, but acquire them as time goes on. The sensory flavors of sweets, pastries, relishes and the like tempt us to return to

these foods again and again. The feeling of contentment from a well-filled stomach is another experience that we like to return to altogether too often.

We might say that hunger is a necessary and appetite a luxury. In the final analysis all overeating, food, for that matter, understanding as well as caused by a disturbance of our appetite-regulating mechanism. A plump person who declares that he overeats because he is hungry really means to say that his appetite, for one reason or another, keeps making unreasonable demands on him.

The amount of air and water in our bodies is regulated with a remarkable degree of precision by mechanisms which automatically cause their prompt elimination should they accumulate to an excessive degree. The same, however, is not true of food. All superfluous calories are deposited in the form of fat tissue.

Since appetite is an emotion, it is impulsive, fickle, arbitrary and changeable. It can be controlled and disciplined almost at will.

Factors capable of influencing our abnormal cravings for foods are numerous and varied. But they may be classified in several fairly distinct categories. If you belong to the large army of overeaters the chances are that it is because of one or more of these reasons:

There are many instances of obesity in adults traceable to early childhood or even infancy. The youngster who is fussed or coaxed to "finish the cereal" or drink an extra glass of milk may react in one of two opposite ways. He may rebel against it and present his mother with an obstinate feeding problem, or he may become overimpressed with the importance of food and continue to overeat for the rest of his life.

In a similar way, the child whose good behavior is rewarded with chocolate and sweets is bound to remain convinced of the desirability of these delicacies for many years to come. Even more damaging is the bad example set by gluttonous parents. Children are more likely than not to follow suit. Example is the best teacher, even though the teacher may be fallacious and misleading.

It has been known for some time that obesity "runs" in certain families. It has been shown, for instance, that when both parents are stout, more than 75 per cent of the offspring can be expected to be overweight. When only one parent is obese, the figure is approximately 40 per cent, and when both father and mother are of normal weight, less than two per cent of the children can be classed as obese. Until recently, heredity was held responsible for this phenomenon. Today the belief prevails that obesity is solely an acquired characteristic. Twisted evidence supports the latter point of view. For people with obese parents respond to weight reduction treatment the same as those whose parents were lean or of normal weight. And the weight of identical twins may vary greatly from time to time while all other characteristics such as height, build and the color of the eyes and hair remain constantly the same.

It has been noted, and very aptly too, that many people overeat because of emotional starvation. They feel food is a handy satisfaction.

Worry, fear, anxiety and fatigue will cause one person to lose his appetite completely, the next may react by overeating. "When you are emotionally upset, do you eat more or less?" A large majority of several hundred fat people answered "more." They admitted that when-

now they become nervous or upset, they just couldn't stop nibbling or chewing. This explains the trouble that many people worry themselves into obesity.

The mental angle of obesity is portrayed perhaps best of all in the person who, strange as it may seem, considers obesity as a defense mechanism. He clings to his fat because it relieves him from certain responsibilities, such as marriage, an unpleasant job or rough playing with the boys, that he prefers not to shoulder.

There was a time not so very long ago when obesity was looked upon as a symbol of good health and prosperity. Fat was synonymous with wealth, power, strength and robust health. Double chins and spare tires were regarded by many as shields of protection against illness and disease. In other words, instead of recognizing obesity as a detriment to health and life, as we do today, our grand-parents saw it as a perfectly harmless and even beneficial state of nutrition.

Today the hazards of obesity are no longer questioned. Life insurance statistics show conclusively that excessive weight not only predisposes its victims to a long list of serious conditions such as diabetes, heart disease and high blood pressure, but shortens their life expectancy to a shocking degree. One outstanding figure for people between the ages of 45 and 50 will confirm as little as 25 pounds of excess weight diminishes their life expectancy by fully 25 per cent.

Sound knowledge and sensible eating practices are gradually replacing superstitions, superstitions and indifference. Today more people seek medical advice for weight correction than ever before. Even more important, parents, teachers, nurses and

public health workers have come to the inevitable conclusion that the best way to combat obesity is by prevention.

Charts showing man's daily dietary requirements and listing the caloric value of foods are easily available nowadays. A host of specific information may lead to widespread dietary misadventure.

For instance, the size of the meal does not always reflect the number of calories it contains. A bulky meal composed largely of fruits and vegetables may yield fewer calories than a smaller one containing large amounts of cream, butter and sugar. It is up to us to select our foods wisely, making sure that our diet has both the proper food elements and caloric value.

Some people overeat because they feel hungry as a result of habits to diminish their food intake when their activities lessen. This type of over-eating has been labeled "reluctant overeating," and it is responsible for the obesity seen so frequently in the retired athlete, in the person who has changed to a less active occupation, in the patient recovering from an illness or an operation and in the man or woman who has slowed down with advancing age.

Supposing John Doe, aged 35, weighing 150 pounds, is a hard worker and wishes to retain his present weight. He requires a daily diet containing 4000 or perhaps even 4500 calories. However, when he reaches middle age or chooses to finish work, he must diminish his caloric intake at once or obesity will surely result. The formerly middle-aged speeded and the relatively maturely appearance are no longer looked upon as something inevitable. All that we have to do to prevent this dangerous type of growth is control our caloric intake in accordance with our activi-

ties and our work or physical exercises.

"I was never fat until my operation" is a comment frequently made by obese patients, implying that the operation is to blame. Nothing could be further from the truth. Here is a situation where more than one factor usually comes into play. First of all, convalescence means lessened activity, with all its dangers of relative overeating. Secondly, friends and relatives bring fruit and chocolate and urge us to eat more and more, presumably for the purpose of helping us regain health and strength more rapidly. And finally, after a serious operation or illness, worry, frustration and a sense of insecurity may enter the picture and cause still more eating.

The hypothalamus is a small structure in the brain, just above the pituitary gland. It has been observed that the appetite becomes following inflammation, injury or tumor of this structure. However, the number of obesity cases resulting from the disturbance of the hypothalamus is exceedingly small.

More is known at the present time about the composition of food, and about man's dietary requirements than ever before. The physician of today sees in the fat man or woman a patient entitled to all the sympathetic professional care and attention accorded the diabetic or arthritic patient.

He realizes, however, that the only way to prevent obesity or cure it permanently is to remove its cause. Prevention should be started early, but of all by the parents who are in an excellent position to surround their children with wholesome eating influences. In other people, the proper use of medical hygiene coupled with intelligent understanding encourages temperate eating and drinking practices.

The treatment of obesity calls for a thorough appraisal of all the factors responsible for excessive eating in each separate case. This can be accomplished only through accurate and complete co-operation of physician and patient.



Man-eating crocods and murderous rivers are only two of the hazards of pearling.

PETER HARGRAVES



COAST OF PEARLS

ONE night in the 1880's, a well-known white pearling master of Broome—just to begin a three-week cruise with a good haul of the lustrous gem—sat on a poker game. At dawn he rose from the table broke—minus, pearls, even his lugger had been lost.

He returned to his bungalow and swore roundly on, in swearing, he stumbled over the half of a massive golden-hip pearl shell he had used for years as a doornail.

Looking down at it, he noticed an unusual blither on the lining. On an impulse he opened it with his knife. Inside, a chance in a million, was a perfect rounded pearl, worth more than all he had lost.

For 50 years, like a magnet, the chance of such a lucky strike has

been luring adventurers to Australia's northern coast. From Broome in the west to Thursday Island in the east, they have ranged the waters, some waters stillmore for the elusive pearl.

In the heyday of the industry before World War I, more than 300 luggers worked the 300 miles that comprise the pearling grounds. Now the total has shrunk to less than 300 vessels.

Broome, colorful and cosmopolitan Broome, an mangrove-fringed Roebuck Bay, has long been regarded as the pearling capital of the Commonwealth.

To it, on days that hot, wet pearl luggers, drivers, speculators and rogues from all over the world. In their wake followed Asian gangs of all varieties to ply an age-old trade in

quaintly-named Shaka Lango.

Broome was not just where the "White Australia" policy did not apply. It swarmed with Japanese, Chinese, Malays, Maroons, Indians and South Sea Islanders. It was a racial melting pot, where men forgot color as they sought for gems to adorn the necks and arms of beautiful women the world over.

The first big pearl found on the coast was Black's in 1833. Black was the captain of a trading schooner, who "bought the pearl from a nigger for a broken pocket knife." A few months later, he sold it in London for £2500, and Australia's "Coast of Pearls" became famous.

Many of the greatest pearls secretly went ashore to their original finders. The "Southern Cross," a four-inch-long string of eight pearls forming almost a perfect oval and worth £24,000, was first sold for a song.

At low tide one afternoon in 1925, 12-year-old Tommy Clarke was strolling along the sandy beach at Bulberrin on the north-west coast, when he suddenly spotted the strange-looking white mass in the seaweed.

He picked it up and raced home to the squallid shack in which he lived with his drunken, mother-de-well father. With trembling hands the man examined the boy's find and his bleary eyes lit up. "They're pearls, all right," he decided. "Might be worth something."

Down at the jetty was the pearling lugger of a shrewd character named "Smiler" Kelly. To him Clarke sold the "Southern Cross" for two pounds and a bottle of rum.

Tommy Clarke, who died at Broome in 1925, devoted the rest of his life to the pursuit of the pearl, but never found another of more than trifling value.

In 1904 one of the biggest pearls

ever found, a brilliant "drop" of well over 100 grains, brought down to four men.

Worth more than £5000, it was a snake pearl, that is one stolen by a dishonest driver and smuggled ashore for secret sale.

Before the ship could dispose of it, however, it was in turn stolen from him in Broome by a renegade Malayman named Pedro Marques.

Marques enlisted the aid of two other desperadoes, Chacha Bagan, a Sarawakan, and Simon Bepede, a Paganese. Together the trio offered the pearl to a buyer from Perth, Mark Litchfield, for £1000.

Knowing its value, Litchfield eagerly agreed to meet them with the cash after dark. They selected as the rendezvous the devilish schooner Merv, beached down the bay near Deepwater Creek.

Litchfield kept the appointment and the following morning his body was found floating in the mangrove shallows beside the schooner. His head was battered in. Strongly he £1000 was found intact in his pocket. Apparently the killers had taken fright and fled without it.

To-day Litchfield has turned to Broome cemetery. Marques, Bagan and Bepede are buried in the grounds of Perth Road, where they were hanged for the murder a month later.

The third pearl mysteriously disappeared. What happened to it was never discovered, as the three killers refused to talk.

The life of the pearl diver teemed with hazards. In the early days of the industry, men were frequently stricken with paralysis by a two-inch ascent from deep water, drawn by the swelling of their arteries on coral or by some surrounding sea creature or attacked by crocods, sharks, octopuses and giant mollusks.

Sharks were not the deadliest ene-

A WESTERN resident of Hong Kong has a native servant who goes around the house as quickly as a mouse for fear of disturbing his master. One day he asked the boy to call him the next morning at seven as he had an important engagement. At seven the boy entered his master's room. By the bed he left a note. When the British, weeks later he read: "Sir, it is seven o'clock. Will you kindly get up, please?"

ing at an object lying on a rock. Francis Paddy put one glance of an 'insouciant head, thick, bushy lips and great eye of liquid green' before he gave the urgent signal. 'Up! Danger! Quick!'

The diver was trying to tear the body of the dead diver out of his thick enveloping suit—to float upon its soft, succulent, mouth-after human flesh.

Of all the motley band of divers of bygone years the Japanese were considered the most skillful. Europeans did not seem to have their pliancy and resistance to the hardships, danger and boredom of the life.

An exception was the noted Australian diver, the late Clarence Benham, who went to Thursday Island as his youth in the 1880's to make a pearling fortune.

He never made his fortune, but he did immortalize his name in the annals of pearling — principally through a rescue, underwater fight in the death with a Jap.

At 26, Benham commanded his own kipper, the *Centrales*. Prospecting for new, unworked ground one season, he came upon a promising bed in Rabbit Pass in Torres Strait.

He had only been there a short time, however, when a Japanese lugger, *Pearl Queen*, arrived on the scene. With much deliberation the skipper ordered the Australian off, claiming the spot was his.

Benham ignored him, dived his drum and went down for a load of shell. Within a matter of minutes, a signal on his line told him that a Japanese diver was descending also.

Down through the green darkness Clarence Benham watched the Jap slowly slide. He landed in the mud only 16 feet away and made straight for Benham—swinging a large iron belt.

Six feet away he poised. Then

he sprang, he lunged for Benham's arm with his other hand.

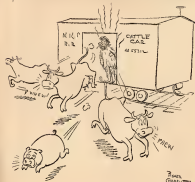
But the Australian was ready. He grabbed the outstretched hand and pushed it towards him. Losing his balance the Jap toppled over on the sea floor.

One look with his heavy, lead-soled boots and Benham had done what the Jap had intended to do to him—swapped in his glass face-plate. Then he jumped outside the body and stored there until it went limp. Back on the *Centrales*, Benham and his crew watched as the Japs landed on their comrades' body and sealed away.

They did not seem impressed by his shouted opinion that the poor fellow must have fallen on a sharp piece of coral and so broken his face-plate.

A variety of reasons, including the cultured pearl, have been put forward for the present stagnation of the pearling industry.

All of them are no doubt contributory causes. The real reason, however, may be the scarcity of men like these old-time pearlers. It is an occupation that requires a special degree of toughness, courage and unflinching.



man. They seldom attacked a man in diving dress. When they did, they could be generally frightened off by the sudden release of air bubbles from the valve in the helmet.

In 1915, a Kipperman named Francis Paddy came up with a spine-shaking account of the fish-eating habits of the diver.

He was working in a good patch of pearl shell where only a few days before a fellow diver had been lost.

After whales had chased an old humpback right up to the lugger. The lines of the submerged diver had become entangled in the headless light that followed and snugged. He had sunk to the bottom and been drowned. His body had not been located.

But that was the luck of the game. As Francis Paddy moved at work over the stone bed, his mind turned on pearls. He had no time to think of his missing mate. Suddenly, in some sandy shoal, he spotted a huge black body.

It was a proper. Obnoxious of his presence, it was writhing and cap-



Controversy still rages as to the rights and wrongs of the Snake Creek massacre.

SCALPED BY WILD WHITE MEN

THE white war party came over the last rise overlooking the Red Indian camp at a trot-savely, artillery, and cavalry, 750 strong. They were intent on massacre, eager for revenge on the crowded Indian village scattered along the creek in front of them.

Guessing what was going to happen, an old Indian chief desperately hastened to the American flag, with a white banner of peace above.

The leader of the raiders, Colonel Chivington, spared his horse forward, waving his rifle at the men behind him.

"Remember our women and children!" he shouted. "Remember our

womenfolk murdered on the Platte and Arkansas!"

The consideration needed no urging. They fell on the friendly Cheyenne village, and at the end of the so-called slaughter the bodies of 260 Indians, men, women and children littered the cold winter ground.

The date was November 20, 1864, and the place Snake Creek, in Colorado, U.S.A. The massacre, the bloodiest page in the history of the wars with the Red Indians, opened a public outcry against the ringleader, a congressional inquiry, and started a controversy which raged for years.

Colonel Chivington was in danger of being disgraced, but there was no

such satisfying evidence brought forward that he was cleared. No one knew whether the Cheyenne village was really friendly, or whether earlier depredations by its inhabitants had warranted the fate that befell them.

The trouble was brewing in 1861, when the Indians started a series of attacks on the settlers in the state. They massacred in number, and between 1861 and 1864 there were arson, rape, burnings, and killings by the Cheyennes, Kiowas, and their brother tribes which brought no retaliation from the scattered white men.

Construction of the Kansas Pacific Railroad through the territory further aroused the natives. The track must go through they said, but no white man would rear cattle along its length.

Despite offers of peaceful settlement by the whites, the Indians preyed on isolated farms, attacked stage trains, and held up communications so effectively that at one stage the city of Denver was almost reduced to starvation.

Along the Platte River, where farms had been massacred and their farms burnt, a few of the western troops spared and taken captives an each occasion. Some succeeded as a way out, for the Indians were no respecters of their slaves.

Any woman captured was used as the common property of the entire raiding party until the braves reached the safety of their village, then she became the chattel of the man who captured her. He could sell her, kill her, or gamble her away as he pleased.

One such incident, in the autumn days leading up to the Snake Creek massacre, was the capture of a young married woman, Mrs. Evelyn, on August 3, by a band of Cheyennes.

She carried a child in her arms, but by some chance the captives did not learn the infant.

In May, 1865, she was recaptured by her own people, and gave a signed statement to her mother, Lieutenant Tappan, of the Iowa Cavalry, and Judge-Advocate Zebrun, of the 1st Nevada Cavalry.

When first taken by the Cheyennes, she was locked in the lodge of the old chief. She made "the doored me, by the most terrible threats and promises, to yield my person to him. He treated me as his wife. He sleep beside me in Two Pine, a Sioux, who did not trust me as his wife, but forced me to do all menial labor done by squaws, and he beat me terribly.

"Two Pine treated me as Black Fox, a Sioux, who treated me as his wife, and because I resisted him he squaws slapped and ill-used me. Black Fox also beat me unmercifully, and the Indians generally treated me as though I was a dog, on account of my absence so much destination towards Black Fox.

"Two Pine treated for me again, and I then received a little better treatment. I was better treated among the Sioux than the Cheyennes, that is, the Sioux gave me more to eat. When with the Cheyennes I was often hungry.

"During the winter, the Cheyennes came to lay me and the child for the purpose of burning us, but Two Pine would not let them have me. During the winter we were on the North Platte, and the Indians were killing the whites all the time and running off their stock.

"They would bring in the scalps of the whites and show them to me and laugh about it. They frequently ordered me to wash my baby, but I always refused; for I felt they would take him from me and would never

IF HISTORY DOESN'T REPEAT ITSELF SOMEONE GETS BORED

I wonder, yes, I often really wonder
As on the recent pleasant point I ponder.
However in the days not long gone by
I looked a hazy-eyed vagabond in the eye.
And said the things the poets often say
About love and love and love held away.
Such talk could be but mere misapprehension
Provoked by one small, girlish glance—
And if I spoke, influenced by her eyes,
I guess I must have been just hypnotized!
And now, awakened from the hypnotic trance,
I see the maiden led me on a dance,
Made me say things no man should ever say,
And do things which, though foolish, were gay.
And though I see how futile it must seem
To say those things which only poets dream,
In my mind now it is completely plain
That I hope to be hypnotized again!

—EX-REX.

let me see his wife face again."

Mrs. Evbanks was a strong frontier woman, and recovered from the nightmare.

This was the white howling for vengeance, but there was more provocation yet to come. A party of Indians, approached a Government wagon, from on November 11, seized the confidence of the teamsters with a show of friendship, then fell on them and slaughtered fourteen men.

The only survivor was a boy, who was scalped and left for dead. He was driven to illness, and died later from the frightful wounds.

The infuriated soldiers vowed they would not tolerate any more. They captured the aid of the military, and set off for the largest Indian settlement they could find. They were guided by a half-breed to the Cheyenne camp at Sand Creek. At the

time, in the heart of the white men's rage, it made no difference whether their prey was friendly or not.

The white men killed the Indians in the same fashion, in their own families were killed. They shot or stabbed their victims, then scalped and mutilated them.

The soldiers had the effect Cheyenne wanted. The Indians were broken and demoralized, debilitated by the same treacherous tactics they had used themselves.

A belly laugh rolled up and down the state when a spokesman for the Cheyenne complained that "they had always heard that the whites did not kill women and children, but now, after Sand Creek, they had lost all confidence in them."

But the Indians collected many sympathizers among the whites, and indeed the story was a shocking one.

A Military Commission ponderously took evidence, sitting at Fort Lyon, in Denver.

It was headed by Colonel Tappan, of the 1st Colorado Cavalry—an officer who hated the sight of Cheyenne.

But he could find no evidence to prove that Cheyenne's women had not been justified, and the other fixed out.

The Indians took advantage of the public sympathy. Within a few months they were back at their old tricks, burning farms and killing whites.

After three more years of slaughtering and bloodshed, General Hancock set forth from the east with an expedition of heavily-armed men. His aim was to persuade the Indians to enter the newly-formed reservations by a judicious show of the strength of the white men.

Out in the plain country, he encountered a band of Sioux in the district to the west of Fort Larned. He negotiated with the chiefs, and they

made arrangements for further negotiations.

They did not keep their promise, and the potent Hancock made fresh negotiations with them. The Sioux did not bother to appear at the appointed time, and the General swore most mortally to find them gone. They had stolen everything they could from the nearby camp as a parting gesture.

But despite continued treachery, the peace-making efforts of the military leaders from the East were eventually successful. In a few years the Indian attacks had dwindled to practically nothing, and most of the tribes were settled in reservations.

Twenty years later, while Colonel Cheyenne was addressing a large public gathering, he mentioned the massacre. "The matter what was sad," he stated, "I still stand by what we did at Sand Creek."

He could not have expected the reaction to his words. The packed audience rose to their feet as one and cheered the old army man.



LUSIG

The ingenuity and genius, good luck and bad
fortune—the details of his lottery wins

LOTTERY LUCK

THE secret spins and a hundred thousand fortunes are jotted into smiling frowns. The wheel of fortune is turning. That little, dainty fairy, Lady Luck, is hovering nearby, ready to touch someone with her magic wand. Another fairy story will unfold. Her chance, no doubt, will be as common as her own character. It is lottery luck.

Wherever there are lotteries they constitute a major subject of the country's conversation. Love of lotteries is not merely a casual whim, it is a national characteristic, and its field is global.

The mere game of chance can play an important part in a state's economy, too. A lottery built France's Armée Catholique of Notre Dame, and another enabled Napoleon III to finance a California gold rush. The hope-coat of the magnificent wedding of Louis XIV was not from the proceeds of a special government lottery.

In England, more than three hundred years ago, lotteries raised the wherewithal for the colonization of Virginia, the maintenance of London's fresh water system, repairs of Spanish damage to the English fishing fleet,

and the ransom of English slaves from Tunis.

Australia's premier lottery was "Tatt's"—now well-known throughout the world. In its infancy the project was really smuggling—but met an account of public shaming. Originally the Post Office declined to handle letters addressed to Tatt's, Robert, Esq. The Tasmanian Government wasn't easily worried. Appeals to Robert and Laurence were receiving concrete and deliberate delay—and there was no mention of Tatt's in the envelopes, most of which had been posted in Victoria.

Nevertheless the Commonwealth Government is not too proud to extract a substantial payoff from the Tasmanian institution. Their part, a percentage on postal rates and money orders as well as postage. Two hundred thousand Tasmanian tickets are sold each fortnight, with a couple of heavier Melbourne Cup consultations weekly. These sales aggregate a lot of postage and postage stamps.

In fact, the Post Master General's Department draws top prize of the lot, represented by the take-off from the Queensland Golden Casket and the New South Wales and Western Australian State Lotteries. Tasmanian officials don't dare badly either Appleton, George, Alie, and shareholders are far behind Tatt's on the schedule of State revenue-raising enterprises.

Sixty-nine years ago a hairy ex-broker from England purchased an hotel in Pitt Street, Sydney. His name was George Adams, and the property he bought was known as O'Brien's pub. Adams, with a flair for showmanship, set about attracting the drinking public to his bar. First, he reconstructed his hotel, Tatt's, after the famous English sporting

club. Next, he imported champagne of special marble from throughout the world and built in the new famous Marble Bar.

Geo Adams was certainly a sporting man, and he wanted sporting parity to use his pub. He decided to run a sweep for his customers on the 1811 Sydney Cup. It was a success right at the beginning. The £25,000 in stakes came in during the first day.

"Tatt's Pub Sweep" soon became well-known. The customers were rolling in Adams was doing as well with the venture, and drawing in many excited customers to his Marble Bar, that eventually the merchants took up the challenge. The result was that sweeps were declared illegal in New South Wales.

Adams transferred his sweep business to Brisbane, but the Puritans, flustered with their careers, were hot on his heels. Sweeps were outlawed in Queensland. One moved south to Tasmania in 1865, and at last found himself free of his prejudiced pursuers. The southernlanders gave him a happy welcome.

First prize in present day "Tatt's" is \$10,000, while the big Melbourne Cup consultation is worth \$25,000. Although many winners of Geo Adams' sweepstakes have found that the money laid them to trouble, the founder himself profited well from his idea. When he died in 1894, he was owner of a coal mine, a cable works, a theatre, and hotels, and he was a big shareholder in electrical enterprises.

The Queensland Golden Casket came into being at the end of World War I. Annual payments for tickets exceed \$2 millions while a quarter of a million investors share \$2 millions prize money.

It was only after some years' argument that the New South Wales State Lottery came into being. It

ERICH Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front," was asked whether the book was based on any diary. "No," he replied, "I kept no diary. I wrote it ten years after the war. I wrote about the horrors of war in a country place blooming with flowers." Asked "Did you write anything during the war, when you were living the horror of it?" Remarque smiled, "Yes, I wrote poetry, about flowers."

twenty-first birthday was celebrated six months ago. The state was well down in the Depression trough in 1931, and the Premier, John T. Linn, was searching desperately for some way to help the penniless State hospital. He settled for lotteries, and made his public announcement.

The roar of protest from many quarters was ear-splitting. Controversy raged for a month. Linn offered his critics six months within which to produce an alternative scheme for raising money for hospitals.

The protests dropped in pitch to a resolute snarl. The legislation went through.

The N.S.W. Lottery has rolled more than \$27 million into State revenues since Mrs. N. E. Martin, of Merby, near Sydney, won the first \$25,000, twenty-one years ago, while \$45 million has gone to prize winners. It is one government enterprise which shows a profit.

Director of the N.S.W. Lottery is Mr. Marcus Quinlan, a cheerful, quietly-spoken, friendly man in his

middle fifties. His staff of 400 includes men and women clerks, ticket-sellers, accountants and tellers.

The New South Wales lottery office last year wrote to an inventor in the Newcastle district. They sent a receipt sheet and explained him that it was believed that he had won a prize. On perusal of the ticket he would be paid his change. He arrived at the office with a small package tucked under his arm. It was an oblong piece of wood. Carefully removed it was the game-winning ticket. He had used tickets to paper the walls of his shack. He had saved out the piece carrying his ticket. His prize was \$48.

Most fortunate inventor known to Director Quinlan is Sydney preacher and novelty dealer, Brakem. The remarkable Mr. Brakem is said to have won more than \$20,000, including six major prizes, two of which were from 15, sometimes purchases, hundreds of tickets in a single lottery, but his agents collect them in groups of four.

Five died differently with 73-year-old Walter Western. He had bought tickets in the lottery regularly since its inception. One day the night result came through. A press reporter hurried to tell him the good news. He had won the \$25,000 at last—but, as though he had driven third of waiting, the old man had died the evening before.

Lottery winnings have brought security and stability to many, but to some they have meant trouble, readjustment and hatred. In New South Wales two brothers fought over a lottery share; father read his son, son read his mother. In Queensland, two sisters over a deadly and permanent rivalry.

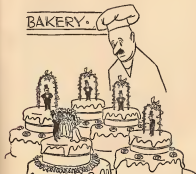
An Englishman named Whitaker won \$24,000 in the Calcutta Sweepstakes. At the time he owned a str-

aying garage, a modest bank account, and his daughter was an attractive English lass. The lucky winner sold his property, ran out on his girl, and avoided Paris. There he obtained for himself a glamorous Mademoiselle and a place for a brief twelve months—then his mademoiselle's other boy killed a murdered man. There was still \$25,000 left of his fortune.

A Sydney public servant could easily hold the record average for women with more than one ticket. With his first two tickets he won first and second prizes in the State Lottery. His only other expenditure was a half share in a ticket with a friend.

some ten years later, it didn't pay a dividend. "I know I was waiting that one and sleepless," he said.

If you haven't yet speculated in lotteries, perhaps you are waiting for the gigantic British organized world lottery, discussed in 1930. Some of Britain's biggest bankers, brokers and insurance brokers were talking of a colossal lottery, with a first prize of 100 million pounds and ten second prizes of five million pounds. The enterprise could not so easily in selling 1,000 million tickets at 25 each. Such a turnover would suit the British Treasury \$200 million. Don't ask us how the winner would cope with his \$120 million. We couldn't count that much.





"This is Tahiti," replied the sultry wren, taking his gun and leading him off to pay homage to the local totem pole. It was no dream. Jacques Routinot had indeed paddled all the way to Tahiti—but the Rietern, not the Pacific variety. It's a tiny, little-known resort on the French coast, with a real South-Sea style beach, and trappings—mushrooms or totem poles—to live up to the name.



When she's not posing gorgeous cameramen, our Tahitian beauty occupies herself like this on the beach. She's 22-year-old Kitty Glairol, resting on her laurels as the recently crowned Queen of the Flowers by taking a vacation at Tahiti Beach. Five feet five inches tall and weighing 105 pounds, Kitty claims the excellent personal statistics of 33, 24, 32—you know where.



they MAKE PAIN a PLEASURE

An examination of the make-up of the queer dish science calls a masochist

ROBERT J. GALWAY

indication of pain. Just an ordinary that seemed to possess every fiber of his already scarred body.

His name was Albert Fish, and the act of inserting needles into his body was but one of the many ways in which he achieved happiness, contentment. Another of his methods of obtaining strange satisfaction was to beat his body with a brass studded paddle until it was a bloody mass of raw flesh. To Albert Fish, sex and pain were the same.

The above statements have not been taken from a best-selling novel. They are part of the court records transcribed in New York City during the murder trial of Albert Fish. He eventually died in the electric chair for

the brutal murder of an 11-year-old child.

Many people are familiar with the meaning of the word sadist. They know that a sadist gets an emotional kick out of inflicting pain on other people. Less familiar is the meaning of a word that is the exact opposite to sadist. The word is masochist and means a person who gets an emotional kick by inflicting pain on himself, or having someone else inflict the pain.

Psychiatrists tell us that all of us can have a certain degree of masochism in our make-up and still be considered perfectly normal. As an example, they point to people who get satisfaction out of applying iodine to a cut. The stinging sensation produced by the iodine makes the heavier feel strong and self righteous. Similarly, many people take delight in extracting a splinter from their own hand or finger.

Everybody knows of, or has heard about, the woman who receives steady beatings from her husband or boy friend. The neighbors shake their heads and wonder why the "poor dear" doesn't leave the brute. They figure she must really love him, or stick to him because of the kids. Well, that is true in some cases. But in a lot of cases the little lady sticks to the brute because she's an out-and-out masochist. She loves her regular beatings. Punch by punch, bruise by bruise, she gets a kick out of it. If she was told this she'd be horrified, but it's a psychiatric fact.

According to Sigmund Freud masochism is a kind of sadism "turned against oneself." Until recently, some masochists regarded sadism as a very active and masculine trait, and masochism as a very passive and feminine trait. However, it is now known that there are a great many masochists

who are extremely virile in nature and appearance.

One of the world's greatest sexologists, Havelock Ellis, points out that advanced cases of masochism usually show symptoms of sexual deficiency. This in turn makes the masochist's response stronger than normal stimulation to obtain a state of sexual emotion.

Psychiatrists are often asked: What causes a person to become a masochist? And they are the first to admit they only know part of the answer.

While there is no general definite agreement as to what causes a person to become a masochist most authorities do agree that it stems back to some childhood incidents, or areas of childhood weakness. One of the most accepted theories is based on the fact that most masochists were children who were denied parental affection.

As a child, as a means of getting attention, the youngster took to injuring itself in various ways. Or, knowing that if it couldn't get love, the child realized it could get attention by being punished if it was bad. And that punishment was also usually applied as the buttocks, often here. It is a known fact that most masochists pick a portion of their body near their own organs to wound, which ties in with the theory of childhood weakness.

Who knows? Now that child play-need punishment is becoming more and more obsolete, masochists may eventually die out. Psychiatrists tell us that no child can develop into a normal adult unless it receives plenty of affection from its parents and those close to it. If that is so it is a cheap price to pay to eliminate one of mankind's dangerous perversions.

Crime Capsules



CURIOUS CANINE . . .

A renowned American murder case was once solved by a dog. A mongrel named Sadler, he was inherited by Emmett Hoffer when his brother, Harry Hoffer, died. Six years later, Sadler had grown old and Emmett thought it would be a nice sentimental gesture to take him on a visit to Harry's former farm before he died. Sadler no longer arrived at the old place, near Fairfield, Illinois, before he dashed out into a paddock and feverishly began to dig. Presently he unearthed a jar containing a letter from Harry's widow to her lover and detailing plans for her husband's murder by poisoning. Now persecuted, the widow was interrogated by the police and confessed to the murder of her former husband.

STILL WILD WEST . . .

A mounted desperado recently galloped up to a Colorado service station and, flourishing a nondescript rifle, the soap drink and chocolate sundries of 15 dollars. He dashed out to his trusty steed, jumped aboard and galloped it back into the wind over a nearby fence. Two deputy sheriffs set off in pursuit but, hampered by the high-powered car upon which modern upholders of the law have to depend, soon had to give up the chase.

SHELL OF MURDER . . .

Modern, criminology students only one man who actually smelled out a murderer. His name is Dr. Lassar, of Boston, and he hit the headlines a few years ago over a patient with a cold he was asked to treat. About the man, and his room, the doctor noticed a peculiar aroma which had remained in his nostrils since his student days—the odors of a medical dissecting room. Dr. Lassar, on learning, notified the police, who paid the man a hearty call. As a result, the patient, Oscar Bartolotti, was convicted of murdering and dismembering his employer, Mrs. Grace Jackson, parts of whose body had just been found floating in Boston Harbor.

UNSOLVED . . .

What happened to the new courthouse in the frontier town of Talbot, Arizona, must be one of those elusive perfect crimes. After six months' construction work, the building was completed on September 24, 1935, which was Thanksgiving declared a public holiday by the mayor. All day long the townfolk celebrated. But that night someone perpetrated one of the most baffling unsolved mysteries. The courthouse literally disappeared. When Talbot woke next morning, the site was once again a vacant lot. Overnight, masons had removed it—and every nail, piece of timber and other material used in its construction.

Study by Leonard



BLOOD on the

BLOSSOMS

HE WAS A KILLER, BUT SO
WAS THIS TAWNY BEUTE

"THERE you had said, 'I don't care how you get it, Scoble. Buy it if you can. Steal it if you must. But get it. He had thrashed a truck about of bills. 'This is yours when you head it over Ten thousand, Scoble.'"

Now Lee Scoble thrust his gloved hands angrily into his coat pockets. His pudgy red face glowed with rage. He drew a deep, long breath, and his voice was tight and brittle as he spoke to the man huddled on the other side of the wire flower bed. The huge tawny dog lying on the turf poked his nose forward and rose to a low crouch, looking forward as Scoble spoke.

"Ain't gonna change your mind, eh, Professor Elwood? Not even if I up the ante about five thousand? How about it, huh?"

The slow-moving man only a few feet away nodded not to have heard. He gave the rail clump with a dead pot before laying aside his towel. He got to his feet, brushed the knees of his trousers, then stood rubbing the bowl of his pipe while his eyes slowly traversed Scoble's corpulent bulk.

"Not even if you up it fifty thousand, Mr.—

BERNA MORRIS • FICTION



GO WHERE YOU LIKE, SAID
THE WIFE

Among the most serious she's
on point

As you can see, the `get` method is used to retrieve the value of the property.

Five go back at, and as well,
Half of mind as I can tell!
Send me to the house? Not
that!

A man must at all costs be
free.

She says and tries to be careful not to.

As long as I live — by day
It's modern I must be home!

Table 1

Stevie watched as the professor tapped the reluctant dog around the corner of the laboratory adjoining the entrance.

He turned swiftly, peered through the mass of sofas in the drawing-

He opened the door with quick purpose. His small, mischievous eyes darted about, stopped suddenly as he saw, through the rear window, the dim figure of the professor. Howard was hurrying the still, angry Tom into a rear enclosure about a hundred yards in back of the house.

Far off his halting uneasiness
Sawd moved swiftly through the
room. His black, quivering eyes, from
into his points of anxiety as they
fell on the untidy desk. His thick
shaved fingers passed through the
hair of men.

Then he straightened slowly, his fingers clamped rigidly on a large yellow envelope. He fastened the bulky folder between his palms, and his lips drew back from his teeth in a thin smile.

There was the sound of a door closing in another part of the cottage and the thud of approaching footsteps. Smith dropped the envelope back on the desk and was thrust down into the charred covers on the dead hearth when Professor Elwood swung into the room.

Elwood brushed his hands together and satiated on a lump.

"Sorry to keep you waiting for that drink. Tim was being a little electro-positive." He laughed as he set a drinker and two glasses on the corner of the paper-strewn desk.

He stopped, the discussion poised over the silence, his eyes glued to the yellow envelopes lying atop the letter on his desk.

'Good heavens!' I thought. I needed that!" He switched the envelope and pinned it to the wall beside the desk.

He swung onto a large pin-studded map and started twirling the dial of a self-indicator on the paneling.

"Tom and I do our best to protect ourselves from any abuse, mind-reading, but sometimes even he can't help me."

The professor slipped the yellow envelope into his side and pulled at the pendulum door. Swade sprang forward. The poker started boldly in the lamplight as it crashed on the back of Edward's skull.

For the space of half a breath there was silence in the room. Seefe stood, the poker still raised, and his breath was a sobbing noise in his throat. With a stifled grunt the professor's body crumpled in the floor, rolled slightly, and came to rest on its back. A trickle of blood oozed from one ear and dropped slowly onto the rug. From the wide alcove on the rear of the house came a wild sobbing howl that rose to a thin pinnacle of sound.

Scout faced the back window and the fat folds of his face whitened. He hunched his shoulders, turned, and slapped across Elwood's body to the gate. His little black eyes gleamed. His small teeth clicked audibly as he pulled the yellow envelope and slipped it into his pocket.

For a silent, careful moment he stood, his eyes searching the room. Finally they rested on the body at his feet. He touched it cautiously with the toe of his shoe.

"You dumb chick!"

He stepped across the body again and made his way to the door. He gave a last glance about, and the door clicked behind him.

Scoutly started forward. At the edge of the flower bed he peeped in the deepening twilight he could still see the nodding shapes of the flowers. The dark was heavy with their scent.

There's also a lot of good news there.

Scout's throat. He gave a low moaning laugh, and brought his hand down on a clump of yellow pines, grinding them into the soil. He looked wildly at some fells, gave another low laugh, and slumped through the middle of the flocks. Suddenly he staggered, clutched wildly at the air, and fell forward with a thudding crash.

From somewhere in the distance
 came a dull clanging sound.

For a moment Gondo lay still, then he pulled his face out of the moist friable soil and sat up. He spat out a mouthful of dirt.

"Golden flowers!" He stopped, his mouth slightly open, his eyes fastened on a thin copper wire hiding in the thick growth about a foot above the ground. He pointed his neck right and then left; the wire followed the contour of the bed.

"Dressed dumb dumb and his
housewife bungler trip"

Beau's struggle to get to his feet, then stopped—his fingers clawing the earth—helpless. Again there was a heavy clang from behind the cottage. Beau's thick legs slackened. A trickle of moisture seeped from one corner of his mouth. His eyes bulged as he stared at the copper wire.

"Oh, my god!" His voice rose to a shriek. "He's loose! He's loose!"

A high keening sound came from around the house. Fortunately Hanks pawed the ground, trying to regain his feet, but something was wrong with one ankle. He thudded back down among the flowers, struggling with his clumsy gloved fingers to reach the run under his left arm. Belatedly he clawed at his coat, the whining sound drew to a wailing and a blast of terror, and the great snarling dog charged around the corner of the house.

RealLife announced earlier today.

oh—Geeeee, didn't you *love* it?

"Now look, Professor, my boss is willing to pay you dough, real dough to get this news—what you call it—this money thing—"

Ellwood's lips quirked slightly, but his face was wooden.

"It's a new mental alloy."

"Well, my boss wants it. I'll pay you and my good."

"Sorry, Mr. Brown. You are, I'm signing over all claims to the government."

The nothing isy in Seale exploded. He took a running leap toward Edward. His foot sank into the freshly-dug earth of the flower bed. There was a roar of rage from the brown-colored dog, and the animal buried himself at Seale's throat.

"Down, Tint! Down!" Howard made a flying leap and snatched the sleeping creature's throat with his arms.

"Wait in the front room there," Elwood pointed his head at the cottage a short distance away. "I'll lock you up for the night."



THE MONKEY

THE afternoon was hot. To the south over the city a line of clouds loomed, dotted with rain. Above the sky was a light blue whitened with the heat that built up from city streets and a broken down street.

The people in the street were tired. They walked, and looked their day life, and looked at the distant clouds, hoping. The loaves of the trees dropped leaves, pale near the sun, and almost seemed to pant for breath themselves. Early evening settled, unnoticed.

Two people passed each other across the boulevard. The thin ring of teeth visible below did through a hole in the hem of women, the slink of glasses, the rustling of hair. Men, then, stopped, pet-bellied, aprons, and and more and drink on the steps. Women ran fast, north left, and the heat clamped down on women over them. Sports-shirts stuck to women's backs. It was near closing-time. From the rafters hung an occasional voice stood out. A few men walked, limp-shouldered, down the steps, and scattered. Two of them passed on the side of the pavement. One spat and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Well, . . . I guess I'll be getting along, Jim."

"Goodnight."

They passed, neither making a

HE TRIED TO HELP A LITTLE MORE IN
DISTRESS — BUT NO ONE UNDERSTOOD

move, feeling the heat. A sudden embarrassment, a flash of dislike, took them. They grunted, awkward, and moved off.

The young one crossed the street, head down and thrust forward. His eyes, shaded from the wall stove's glare by the rim of his hat, were fixed. The second path faced him, the same man sat on the steps, the same horseback, scratched the glasses, and the sticky money slid backwards and forwards across the same wet surface. The same heat beat, fell, washed upon his back and eyes, and clamped around his temples. He passed the pub, glared down the alley at its end, past the steps.

"Hey, Jim! Come and have a drink."

"No thanks, Ted, going home."

The doors closed off the buildings. Even in the shade . . . here . . . out of the wind . . . it was so thickly hot. The beer hadn't made him any cooler. He wanted more. What for was? He didn't feel like anything to eat. And with Lorry, big with their second child, tired and grumbling, and Ruth, fourteen after a day at school . . .

He turned into his street, head down, as though not to try the sun-spiked rafters, the dull brown facade, the curve-way, polished steps, the brass door-knocker, cleaned so elaborately every day, as

GARY SCRAWGOUR • FICTION



LOWDOWN ON LOVE Asked to write a composition on love, this is what one poor little 11-year-old misapprehended as "Love is something that makes two people think they are pretty when nobody else does. It also makes them sit closer together on a seat when there is plenty of room at both ends. Love is something that young people have but that old people don't have because it is all dampen and aw-teen eyes and curls that old people don't have. It is something that makes two people very quiet when you are around, also very quiet when you ain't, only in a different way. When they do talk, it's all about diseases and veins and mooratures."

though not to hear the game of cricket of the kids, the group over three-foot high dancing front fences, the greetings.

Larry was standing on the steps of the house, near the arcade, and wouldn't wait. He looked at her and a sport of pity took him. He kissed her on the cheek, but she repulsed him, irritated, annoyed. He looked down at the green step. She felt sorry.

"Ruth's not home yet," she said sadly.

"She's probably gone to one of the kid's places. I wouldn't worry."

"I'm not worrying, but she's later than usual. It's after six."

A dash of irritation hit up again again. "She'll be home. It's not the first time . . ."

He sighed, sat down on the seat, but back on his head, feet on the railing, legs wide apart, and rolled a long cigarette. He was nervous, small, standing on the step beside him.

"Jim, I wonder if you'd better ask the kids if they've seen Ruth. She's late for her tea now."

"She'll be all right. Stop worrying."

She sat down on the seat beside him. He turned to her with a sudden wave of sympathy.

"How is it, woman?"

She nodded her head sideways non-committally, and plucked her apron with her hands.

"Not too bad," she said. "I wish Ruth would come."

Jim said, "I'll go and ask the kids."

She sat and watched him go down the three steps onto the street. He slumped from the curb, trying to be neediest, slightly slouched, feet flat. He spoke to one of the kids playing a game, and got a short answer. He moved on, looked lost among the short, anxious forms of the children, and started talking to an orphan sitting in the gutter.

After a while he walked back unconcernedly, pretending to look at the game of cricket. He sat down.

"What happened?" Larry asked.

"They haven't seen her since she left school at three o'clock."

"Did she go home with anyone?"

Well, young George's eyes she went off towards King's Cross by herself. A little, doubtful, nagging line came into his voice. "He said she was going."

"Crying." The word burnt here and hot itself at the edge of her lips.

"She fell over and broke her new school-own at playtime," He repeated the child's words.

"Jim, you'd better go and look for her." A finger edge flickered in her voice. She was half asleep, half demanding.

He got up and went down the steps again, his hat on the back of his head, his eyes closed.

"The over and see Miss Marston, the teacher," she said "and go over to young Jenny's place. If she's not there, go to the police." With the last words, her voice rose shrill. He was hurrying, determined.

The crowd of people were thick on the pavement. The hot wind blowing straight along the roadway swept down to sort them out and mixed fished them into one melting mass.

On the corner Gladie hesitated, posted on the kerbstones, a hanging rock amidst the tide that swept past him in a bunch across the road. He looked old; the halcyon wind whipped his hair around his ears, gray black-streaked hair combed straight back from a high forehead, a small nose, a round chin. Proceeding, he hit his lower lip. Somebody pulled him, turning on shoulder sideways. The hot look came back into grey eyes. He looked his lips.

Drink . . . something to drink. He glanced across at the hotel. Not to swallow beer across that trough. Nearly closing him. The sweet headed his knew where the thin grey hair shone. He wiped his face with a handkerchief. Coffee. Rained washed at him, then an acute physical disgust at the thought of the coffee-house.

An immense feeling of gloom and calculation swept up to him. This

heat . . . this wind . . . this damn country. For once he wanted the touch of a hand on his elbow, a greeting in his own tongue, a friendly walked straight into someone.

"I am very sorry, ma."

"Well right, mate."

His feelings swept out in gratitude towards the stranger for the words. He wanted to say how, thank him. But the man was gone. He drifted down the street. A blind clock-face in a miller's showed just after six. He dodged a bus and crossed a street.

The brown van freckler and the people down. On his left was a park, but the grass brown and crisp with sharp sudden seeds in it. Seals were scattered around the edifice, panted wood with concrete logs, the modern sphinxes. The shaded area were all taken—people talking, reading, smoking, looking with one eye at playing children. The seats in the sun were empty.

The children's playground at the bottom of the park was closed and the people drifted off in groups, talking, brushing grass seeds from their clothes.

As traffic sounds roared from his mind, as people became figures that passed, on the breeze that blew coolly now on his face scented him, a sudden address came up over Gladie. All these people . . . home. No friend? Where, anywhere?

His mouth drooped, after his heavy with an exhausted sigh; his voice was useless at his side, his eyes tired yet restless, his eyebrows drawing up and frowning his address. A bell-tower struck seven. It was evening, now.

He looked across the park and saw a little girl sitting on a seat by herself. She was free, perhaps not. On her knees she carried a case, arms folded on top of it, and her face above it with long anxious eyes, and dream-

in, tight, small lips. She wasn't pretty. She was dirty, and her hair was usually flat. Her school tunic was not long enough to hide a shabby stocking, black, its white garter dragging gleefully. Her feet, peering in the air and she was looking at the ground in front of her. All her self-pity and loneliness were routed. He felt alive again, the burst of an emotion had reached him.

The little girl lifted her head and he saw she was crying. A dirty handkerchief clamped in her hand was lifted to smother her cheeks.

Gracie rose and walked towards her and sat beside her on the seat. The feeling of the kindly fur loneliness of the last for the last, spring up between them. He soothed her, searching for words.

Jim felt the new breath of evening rush him up he walked away from his wife. Deane came, of a kind.

A guilty feeling of anonymity nibbled his stomach. Thank God it was a bit cooler.

As he turned the corner a red of hot air hit him, just one puff, and the sweet again headed his forehead. Jim, walking fast, felt stifled. He slowed down, relieved. Examined himself by someone the road in the distance, looking inside the corner fruit shop.

There were few people, and the sun was low so that it barely held the windows of the flats on the other side of the road. He walked towards The Crown. On the main road, the traffic swelled thicker. He unconsciously walked a little faster, turned down a steep little hill into another main road, his feet sliding forward in his shoes. Turned another corner and knocked at a door opening on to the street.

No, Miss Morrison hadn't seen her. Was anything the matter? Yes, she'd been upset to sleep about breaking

her school case, but she hadn't seen anything.

He turned back to the main lanes, crossed the street, went down the roadway opposite, stamp, made of wooden blocks, sticking out of soft asphalt and looking like cobblestones. Another house with an iron fence and painted concrete veranda, like his own, and next door is a factory.

No, Jimmy hadn't gone to school today . . . into town with her mother . . . hadn't seen Ruth since Friday. Sorry, anything wrong?

He followed the curve of the road which brought him out right in the centre of the shopping area. He felt a little lost. Where is now? He was taken aback by the sudden closure of his ways of escape.

A tale of anonymity swept beside him. What was the matter with her anyhow? What she needs is a good hiding—running away from home. A shot of fear pleased him if she hadn't

run away? He turned sharply, reduced his steps towards the lights, past the pub where he had been drinking a while back. The anger in him began to grow and with it a pain fast.

The traffic—a taxi narrowly missed him—angered him. People seemed selfish. The lights kept him open . . . the hot day. Angus dashed up beside him against his will, his hat, himself. He walked down the street, sweating people's eyes, and looking in each milk bar, greasyhug figures. The police? What could they do? Eighteen men into his belly.

He came to a park where he knew there was a children's playground, and crossed the road quickly, looking sharply for traffic. The playground was closed—it was growing dark. He strolled along the path through the middle of the park, shouting, striving for men, his self-conscious legs feeling as though they



AT LAST THE TRUTH!

She was accused to be rather plain
And they said she wasn't showy
She was short in stature, but
in the mass
They said she was often small
jeer,
Who loved them all and
cared none,
Pursued her with vigour and
later, numb
From the gross recollection of
what he'd done,
Reported — she isn't shy,
she's dumb!

EX-EX.

were running away from his body.

He was in an ocean of people—
people who sat around and stared.
He shot a glance from his eyes at
them. Hadn't they got something bet-
ter to do than sit and stare, stare at
him?

The anger flared up, cramped his
chest. Quickly he crossed the road
back towards the lights, on the other
side this time. His hands were sticky
with anger. Then he saw her.

She was standing at the window of
a radio store, looking on the ocean,
her face dirty. She was watching a
very electric monkey in the window.
His grey fur banded legs was nod-
ding from side to side, laughing on
one side around a blue fan held in its
moving hand, a lognette in its other
hand came to its eyes and dropped
down to its eyes and dropped, a
diamond grin bared its little teeth as
its jaw slackened, halted and rose again.
She turned and laughed upwards
towards it as a man holding her hand.

Just a flash observed, knocking white-

ness. The dirty dog! Never dis-
tinguished his brain . . . the man
stepped back at her . . . and his
strength swept into his body. He fell
at the couple, one hand grasping at
the girl, the other snipping the man's
shoulder, spinning him round against
the plate glass window. The man
slumped against the window, taking
Amusement and terror whiplashed the
man from his eyes.

"You dirty — If I catch you
near my kid again I'll kill you."

"Please, master," Guido said "She
is crying. She has fear, and I—"

"Get going or I'll break your knee-
in' neck!" Jim shouted. He snatched
up the battered suitcase and grab-
bed the girl's arm.

"Daddy, he thought me on the
cross," she said. "I was crying—I
was afraid—"

"You come along with me, you little
bro!" Robert made him angry. He
hadn't anything to be afraid of now.
No more worry—no, reaction.

"Please, that's a right, master,"
Guido said. He was scared, eager to
explain, pleased with what he'd done.
He'd done a good turn, he wasn't so
much a stranger, he'd helped some-
body.

"Get going, I said!" Jim was shout-
ing. "I'll break your dirty neck,
dog!"

He pushed Guido back, and Guido
looked bewildered. Jim turned at
Robert's arm and began walking.

A woman's voice came from the
crowd gathering on the footpath.

"What's happening?"

"Just a moment fighting," a man
answered. "They think they can come
over here and do as they damn well
like!"

The monkey inside the plate glass
window growled.

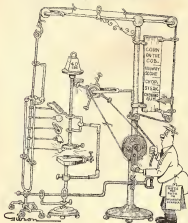
TELEPHONE



"Can you come and get me, dear? I think I'm being followed."

Invented by—
Gibson

By pulling a cord an indicator, the required fueler is brought into position. The operator then pulls levers and winds handle which provides motive power to shaft. Then operator, by careful observation can gauge the warehousing, breakdown, and general trench power.



The fourth characteristic — there is a need of forcing and in reverse it produces complete equilibrium in even the most unbalanced system. Attached equilibrium can be forced at will, thus giving the engineer a means of control. Likewise,



An extra accessory which helps pedestrians to make up their minds. The extra feature is helped gently across the road thereby saving small "wonder and fear" on your forehead.



An arrangement for waking up late when they go to sleep. Very effective when used at recess or bedtime. Biking only should be used for church services. It is also a valuable guide as to the condition of your reflex actions.



STRANGER and Strangers



HERE PROOF . . .

A Spanish manufacturer has just come up with a bomb-proof pane. Built of solid oak, it contains no sharp edges to bruise drinkers who might fall or be pushed by other men against it. Beer mugs and cigarette sticks off sloping lips. The lips are covered with a fire-proof plastic that cannot be melted off and is immune to cigarette burns. Neither sawy, food, nor other articles suggested by frustrated drinkers can be thrown into the works. Even the strong assembly has been so built that "it cannot be removed to be played on as a harp in some Spanish expatriate of song."

INDIAN INSIGHT . . .

The medicine men of the American Red Indians possessed many strange, odd, unexplainable powers. The Papago tribe thought their chief medicine man, White Snake, knew the secrets of life and death and could foretell the future—and perhaps their faith in him may not have been misplaced. In the Frontier Museum of Oklahoma are documents containing many of his uncanny predictions. Remembers into the documents recently transcribed a prophecy of his made more than 100 years ago which seems to forecast both the Atom and the Hydrogen Bomb. "After many centuries," White Snake is recorded as saying, "a great fire weapon will come from the sky and kill many warriors. Soon after that, a still

greater fire weapon will come and destroy all remaining warriors."

SEVENTH SENSE . . .

That conspiring haze of mosquitoes which can ruin your sleeping hours is caused by the vibration of the wings of the smallest little five bombers as they hover for the attack. The marching water herself (only the female mosquito does the biting) is unaware she is making the noise and how it can both warn and torture the victim. Experts believe that generally her buzzing is a love call. Experimenters in China, some time ago, succeeded in duplicating the notes of a record on amplified version of one single mosquito's love call—and thereby lured to death 40,000 male mosquitoes.

JUST AVERAGE . . .

English American statisticians seem to have a knack for averages. Recently they have been attempting to find the average age of the squares of the Declaration of Independence 104 years they eventually deduced; the average American bedtime hour (11 p.m.); the average building height in New York City (five stories); the amount of tip paid on average American written contracts (over five years the equivalent of her hairdo); the average annual mileage of the American family car (10,000 miles); and the amount of blood pumped daily by the average human heart (50,000) to fill an ordinary railway tank truck!





THRIFTY TIT-BIT

European girls in these postcards, they often have neither the money nor materials for designer's leech or sports fancy. However, in Germany is catching up something striking from skills and they take known place to some—on this collection of German girls' clothes. We don't know why he's turned his back on the fact is certainly caught by dislike of the man, there's keeping and out she's satisfied out of what was once an evening dress.



TOGS

Our lens on the left has apparently deserted her distasteful date to look toward out in a great little model that perhaps first saw the light of day as a schoolgirl, or as a cousin. Wherever she got it, she's comely showing it off to better advantage than any table at window could. Her companion's rumper suit, from another material source, might be all right for romping, but we wouldn't recommend it for swimming.



Anyway, who'd want to swim in dirty nylon surroundings? This demure, modest miss—with another as libidinous job—seems to be a bit worried about a neckline she thinks is plunging too far. Personally we'd be more worried about plunging top: the dark-looking pool behind her. She's sweet, we know, and plenty decorative anywhere, but don't you think she'd look even better with a real Australian background of sun and sun and sand?



BLOOD PRESSURE DRUG . . .

American heart specialists are hopeful that the next five years will see the development of a drug that will control blood pressure in much the same way as insulin controls diabetes. What is wanted is an ideal drug that will keep the pressure low, used continuously, have no toxic or unpleasant effects and be taken in easy pill form. As yet it is only a dream, but there are several promising drugs in various stages of laboratory development. The sooner one is perfected, the easier and less dangerous life will be for the 16 million Americans, and countless other millions around the world, suffering from high blood pressure.

POLIO PREVENTION . . .

For 40 years, it has been believed that the polio virus goes from the mouth, nose and throat (where it is picked up) directly to an attack on the nervous system. There was little chance of dealing with it once it was in the brain and nerves, and thus it was thought almost unassailable. Now Dr. Bodian, of Johns Hopkins University, and Dr. Dorothy Horstmann, of Yale, in separate experiments with monkeys and chimpanzees, have established that the virus first spreads 4-15 days in the victim's blood stream before creeping into the nervous system. In the blood stream it would be vulnerable to attack, it is believed,

by germ-fighting antibodies. These anti-bodies are found in the blood of people who have been attacked by polio. As with TB, many people contract mild cases of polio in their youth, but recover from them without being aware of it. Blood from these previous victims could protect those who have never had it.

T.B. THERAPY . . .

Now that the first Harry of contamination over the new tuberculous drug has subsided, we can, perhaps, sum up their true value. The drugs are derivatives of isonicotinic acid, a B vitamin. They have produced a number of spectacular improvements in chronic T.B. cases in the U.S.A., but it is now doubted if they are capable of completely wiping out the disease around the world as was first claimed by their supporters. At San Ysidro Hospital in New York City, their use effected almost unbelievable improvements in a number of patients whose lives had been jeopardized. In a remarkably short time, they gained weight and strength, enabling them to get out of bed, and traces of T.B. germs disappeared from their system. The general view, however, is to wait and see what the long-term results will be. Some experts believe that the T.B. germs will develop a resistance to the drugs (as they have to penicillin) and thus lessen their effectiveness.



Some faltering streak of personality made this boy a mad-dog killer.

JAMES HOLLIDGE

SCOURGE OF THE CAROLINAS

THE little out-of-town cohort was noisy with the blues of rears, the chatter of happy couples, the popping of corks and the clink of glasses. Suddenly the din stopped, as effectively as if someone had turned off a radio.

Five men had quietly appeared in the entrance. Black menacing armoration in hand, they moved to various points around the room.

"Everybody get out and stand in the middle of the floor!" roared the leader, a tall, thin, red-haired head-bum, whose eyes—wild, green and vicious—seemed to dart every-

where with the malevolent fury of a wild animal.

"My God! It's Coley Cain!" one of the patrons gasped.

"Yeah, brother, it's Cain," growled the leader. "You wants fast or sometimes?"

Quickly and methodically, everyone was shooed into the center of the room. "Hurry up!" commanded the red-haired leader. "There ain't no toy guns—see!" Women screamed as the room reverberated in the blasting reports of several bullets he pumped into the walls.

While he kept guard, two twisted

in a snarl and eyes as cold as ice, the other boys reached the cohort's cash register and relieved the owners of their money and valuables.

No one made a move, and a few moments later the bandits looked out with their last. They jumped about a large sedan waiting at the door and scurried away into the night.

Coley Cain—dark, cold-blooded, really desperate whose wild green eyes had turned him, the nickname of "Tiger"—had written another episode in his criminal career. In the early 1930's such scenes were common in both the American States of North and South Carolina. Frenzied, hated and hunted to the death, he led a bloodthirsty gang as a crime magnate that is almost without equal in the history of the modern gangs.

Of an old and respected Southern family, Coley Cain was born in the tobacco town of Raleigh. He first fell foul of the police in high school, when he piloted a youthful gang in pilfering railway trucks. Soon caught he and his companions—all sons of important Raleigh citizens—were tried as suspended sentences.

His education was completed at a well-known Carolina university, but he failed to distinguish himself. Even before he graduated, he had thrown in his lot with a man whom he revered above all others—a shrewd, well-connected mobster and gang leader named Tick Proctor, then the kingpin of Carolina crime.

Proctor first hit the headlines in 1928 with a look at during mob robberies—banks, department stores, garages and so on—all over the two states. When that field became too hot, early in 1930, he turned to hold-ups, and the authorities soon realized that a dangerous new menace had been added to his team. It was the smiling, trigger-happy Coley Cain.

Not until 1934 did the police come

in the fight against the mobsters. In October of that year Tick Proctor and four of his band were trapped in a beautiful, white-columned manor man they were openly occupying in Raleigh's exclusive residential section.

But if the police thought the rebelling of the leader and his principal cohorts—who all received long terms of imprisonment—was going to break the gang they were mistaken. Coley Cain was still at large, and he proceeded to weld the remnants of Proctor's crime empire into an even greater menace to law and order.

"The Tiger" dedicated the ordinary routine of a hold-up. Often when he approached a store or roadside bank on plunder, he waited in first spraying the vicinity with a barrage of machine gun fire.

Not until May, 1935, did the authorities realize that the police equipment was quite inadequate to cope with "The Tiger" and his brood. Then upon the arrest of Raleigh Police Chief H. L. Perrow, who was soon to trap him, they were provided with the arsenal, bullet-proof cars and tear gas without which it would be impossible to check the modern gangster.

Chief Perrow's first break came on the night of September 13, 1936, when an observant patrolman reported an untended sedan on a suburban street. That itself was not significant, but the fact that the corners of the rear window had been worn out was. He got out around making holes in the windows—unless with the idea of using them to spray lead through.

A squad converged on the car and then disappeared to various hiding places in the darkness around it. Two hours later their patient vigil was rewarded. Another car appeared around the corner and dived down the street.

Near the sedan it stopped and its

lights went out. The watchers waited tensely as the occupants apparently inspected the lot of the land. Then suddenly the doors opened. Four figures climbed out and moved towards the gates.

From behind bushes, trees and fence police spring. Chief Platter stopped out the command "Hands!" Three pairs of hands dropped. The fourth figure, however, came on with rage, went for his gun. A sharp flash began spreading terror. The night was lit up by the blue and yellow flame of their shooting. The gangster went down, clenching his lip.

Handcuffs were slapped on all four prisoners. They had been on a hold-up in a stolen car and were returning to make a getaway in their own vehicle. The man on the ground had been hit only once—a wound in the hip from which he was soon to recover.

Platter went over to him and shone a torch into his face, although his men had already told him it was Coley Cobb himself. He saw the killer's eyes and knew it had not been exaggeration to call them cold, green, vacuous, malevolent.

Cobb turned up at him "Yeah, copper," he snarled. "It's Cobb, all right, in person. You started this, but I'm going to finish it—later."

When news of Cobb's capture spread outside the city, crowds gathered around the goal, on the hospital ward of which he was unconcerned under strong guard. Lyndling talk was rife, but the men were finally persuaded to disperse after assurances that Cobb would get what was coming to him.

They were probably not satisfied with the sentence of life imprisonment he drew a few months later—especially as Cobb boasted that no one could hold him.

He kept his word. On May 17, 1936,

the Carolinas were electrified with the news that, with another mad-dog named Ray Cobb, he had blasted his way out of Cokerham Prison with guns smuggled into him.

Cobb and Cobb swept into a real story of violent crime. Garage proprietors, stockholders and roadhouse operators lived in constant fear of the jerking pair, who appeared out of the night in a crescendo of gunfire.

But the roads were running out for Cobb, and, ironically, despite the packs of hounds on his heels, one solitary State trooper named Charles Henney was to be his nemesis.

On the night of September 1, 1934, patrolling in a police car, Henney and his partner received a radio warning to be on the alert for a certain stolen car. Soon after, as a matter of routine, they pulled into a roadhouse outside the town of Florence to look over the cars in the parking lot.

Immediately they spied the number of the stolen car they were searching for. Inside were two women. At the sight of the police, one of them blared a warning on the horn and shouted: "Coley! Ray! It's the cops!"

Nothing now when they were up against, Henney pushed the two women into the police car and sent his partner off with them to Florence for assistance.

Left alone, he changed his mind and decided to go in after the quarry himself. Gun in hand he entered the roadhouse. Frightened customers told him the two mobsters had run out the back door on hearing the women's warning.

Henney pushed his way to the rear of the roadhouse and looked out the door. Platter burst from a dense patch of brush and bullets thudded into the woodwork. Taking cover, the trooper began to trade shots with them.

As soon as they realized they had only one man to contend with, the pair made a break for it. Spraying the rear doorway with lead, they dashed around the side of the roadhouse for their parked car—and the Tommy gun concealed therein.

Seconds later all hell broke loose as they unleashed a blinding fire against the building. Shooting a warning to everyone to fall on the floor, Henney crawled to a window to continue the duel.

Conspicuously answering their fire with his automatic, he had the satisfaction of seeing Coley Cobb slump to the ground with a shot in his stomach.

Cobb ran forward, grappled his most partner and dragged him over to the car. He dumped his body in the back and then, still keeping up the rat-tat-tat from his machine gun, he shot the car out of the yard and

dart on to the adjacent highway.

Within a matter of minutes, scores of officers had been thrown into the chase, but the gangster car got away. Then, at dawn, came a report from Clinton, 48 miles away. The body of a man had been found in a ditch outside the town.

It was Coley Cobb, dumped there by his fleeing partner when he died from loss of blood from the wound Henney's accurate fire had inflicted.

A few hours later Cobb was recovered. On his own he had no chance, and he submitted quietly. He soon went back to prison for the rest of his life.

The Carolinas settled down again to normal living. The most potent criminal remains in their history, who had made a mastery of law and order for years, was wiped out—through the courage of a solitary officer who saw his duty and did it.





Admiral Ross was responsible for our present-day standards of turf behaviour

AN OLD SALT AT EPSOM



It is said that there are but four unchanging and unchangeable British traditions: Westminster Abbey, the Cheering of the Queen, fish and chips—and the Derby at Epsom.

Even the famous Alexander Dumas, a Frenchman and not very sympathetic to British traditions, was impressed by the atmosphere surround-

ing the famous English race championships.

"In England," he wrote, "the races, and particularly the Epsom races, are not like our Morte or Chantilly, a luxury of the rich. No, Derby Day is a national fête for rich and poor, for gentlemen of leisure and worker alike. It is looked forward to for 12 months, talked about for six, planned

for three and remembered and discussed longer than it was looked forward to, talked about and prepared for."

The rules of the Glorious, as established by the 11th Earl of Derby some 170 years ago, said that it would be open to three-year-old horses of both sexes, and the concept has been maintained since.

In 1844, however, a keen and shrewd sportsman succeeded in not only entering a four-year-old horse, but had the transient pleasure of watching it win the Derby.

The sportsman's suggestion for such diplomacy was fundamental; it had marked the horse—Running Rein by name—for £25,000.

It was a sad ending to the deception that, due to the efforts of Lord George Bentinck, the Jockey Club disapproved Running Rein when it was proved that it was really a four-year-old named Blackburn.

The incident proved two things: first, that the sport of Kings lost itself to bugger-mugger and, second, that the Jockey Club was composed of a lot of old shaggy-heads, for it had already been warned that Running Rein was a "big an." More, it had permitted another horse to race which, had it not met with interference from Running Rein, would have won the Glorious, and later events indicated that this horse, Leander, was also a four-year-old.

So, 14 years after the first English Derby, it was clear that horse racing was in a pretty bad way. Courses abandoned to crooks, blacksmokers and worse horses were being pulled and decayed, and it was even whispered that the Jockey Club handicapper was not even, for a consideration, to weigh in a horse many pounds under its true handicap.

Racing, in fact, needed a dictator who could lift it out of its mor-

financial and complete ethical bankruptcy. It found the man in Admiral Henry Ross.

Following the "Running Rein Affair," Ross, as a steward, set about the business of reforming the English turf.

Backlog the whole Jockey Club staff, he managed within a short time to raise the club's income to £25,000, and reorganised the system of handicapping. Then he turned his attention to the racing staff.

A contemporary writer said: "His hold and steady form, erect and stately to the last, in a shooting or pea jacket, wearing black boots or leggings of the same colour, dog whip in hand, ready for mounting his old bay horse for the course, no matter what the weather might be, was an imposing sight."

"Before the start he would take up his position close to the 'barrier' like an equitation statue, silent and motionless, the reins resting on the neck of his horse . . . his eyes, once fixed on the runners, were seldom removed until he had discovered all he wanted to see in the different starters."

In an age of heavy gamblers, Ross believed that it was the "small people" who suffered most by unwise betting.

"Let the rich man gamble if he pleases," the Admiral said, yet he did not hesitate to demand restrictions on his best quarter-day gamblers if he believed that they were relying less on fortune and their jockey's ability than on co-operative luck or effort.

His temper, accustomed to rising above all storms, blistered jockeys and trainers whom he suspected of shoddygery. Above all, he loathed the defilement of jockeys, whom he called "procreant, petted mannikins."

"Any man who follows the advice of his jockey is bound to be misled,"

he said, with a forthrightness that brooked no contradiction.

"Admiral Ross was the greatest man I ever knew," Lord Coventry once said. "The standard of seamanship before him to-day is a greater monument to him than any Ross Memorial at Kewstoke."

Admiral Ross was the kind of man who was bound to succeed in anything he undertook. Although his brother was the influential Lord Strathmore, Ross' rise in the Royal Navy was due to his own ability to command, his unswerving sense of duty, and his seamanship.

His final exploit was to sail a frigate 1,500 miles in 30 days, while it was riddled, without a leak, and heaving at the rate of two feet of water every hour.

The frigate ran aground on the Labrador coast during a thick fog and could, without loss of face for its commander, have been abandoned, but Ross, as stubborn on the sea as he was on the racetrack, brought her safely to England. Then, fed up with the sea, he retired and prepared to devote the rest of his life to racing.

In spite of the Admiral's reverence, the very composition of the sport made a complete clean-up impossible. The courses were still peopled by roughs, toughs and tricksters—and all of them did not come from the racetrack.

The Admiral learnt, for instance, that one starter was making a nice income—reportedly £1,600 a year—from presents received from rich owners. He cited a case where one horse was given an 80 yards start to win the St. Louis. Another, who lived in a house owned by a jockey, paid tribute by allowing the jockey's mount invariably to get a flying start on the field.

Next a man to delegate responsibility to anyone else, the "Sodor

on Hornbeck" often earned the title borrowed on loan by palloping his horse on to the course and, riding alongside a suspect jockey, urging the latter by threats to loosen the struggle held he had on his mount.

The jockeys, knowing the Admiral's baritone tongue more greatly than any peashy that might follow, occasionally listened to him. Then, to make it official, Ross persuaded the Jockey Club to introduce a plan which provided for suspension of jockeys who indulged in hanky-panky prejudicial to the fair name of horse racing.

It was a piece of turf legislation that, perhaps more than any other single factor, prevented the "procos-mous mannikins" from co-opting too wholeheartedly with the big problems of the day.

The administration side of horse racing became his whole life. Even the racing stable he had built over the years became neglected as he set out with the rest of an exemplar, to rid the turf of its rogues, rascals and "dark-men."

He didn't—couldn't altogether succeed, but he at least set a pattern of seamanship behaviour and discipline that is, by and large, followed to this day.

So, when the "little man" gave these short to the Derby, he may be modestly sure that, apart from having his pocket picked or falling in with a tour, he will get a pretty "fair" go and won't noticeably be helped to lose his money by the duplicity of the rider of his chosen horse.

For, whether the jockeys realize it or not, the course of Epsom is shadowed by the figure of a notorious mounted man who, broadcaster at the ready, is studying across the years their activities—and, it could be, their



"Well, here's the post-war world and where are we?"



TWO LEVELS FOR A SLOPING BLOCK

Two level houses are the obvious and usually satisfactory solution of most of the problems presented by sloping building lots.

The accompanying plan shows a suggestion on these lines for a three bedroom house on land which slopes from the street.

The living room and kitchen are situated at the upper level, the former being large enough to serve the dual purposes of lounge room and dining room.

From the entry a short flight of steps leads down to the bedroom wing and a similar flight leads upwards to the deck over the wing.

There are three bedrooms, each with built-in wardrobes, and a well fitted bathroom. The laundry is placed in the corner under the bedroom wing.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 50 feet and the overall area 1400 square feet.

The Home of To-day (No. 97)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



IS SCIENCE FICTION FACT?



RAY HEATH

What is the name of the spirit of science fiction now being produced in every civilized country?

NEVER was a man in a stranger situation—eight months flying bare from the earth, locked in a man-made rick that was a self-contained sunning—and now, with his stop out of control and only one hour's oxygen left. . . .

Only fiction, of course, but even so fiction, perhaps no stronger than the people who, only a few months ago, bought tickets for the first trip to Mars.

One of the people who read the science fiction story wrote: "When Benson (his character we referred to) had only one hour's air left, what would happen to him? Would he fly

up, floating round through eternity, or would he fall to earth? Also, if it took eight months to reach the height to which they had gone, how long would it take him to reach earth again?"

Quite legitimate questions, too; and questions which open up the whole of the bigger question—why science fiction?

There is a flood of such stories now, in every country in the world. Jacques Lombard, a French novelist, wrote "The Crystal Cosmos" introducing scientifically accurate facts now in fiction; Hollywood produces "When Worlds Collide," dramatizing

a catastrophe which we can only call "the end of the world." The U.S.A. produces month after month magazines filled exclusively with such stories, generally called "science fiction." A fairly good working definition would be "fiction based on scientific facts."

The idea isn't new—only the material in the stories of to-day is different from the material of science-fiction of the past. Jules Verne wrote science fiction when he wrote "A Voyage to the Moon," "Round the World in Eighty Days" and "Floating Island." H. G. Wells wrote science fiction in "The Time Machine"—and Conan Doyle wrote science fiction of another type when he took the knowledge gained by geologists and based on it "The Lost World."

The general tendency of science fiction is to look forward—to guess what is coming next. Verne, inspired by the introduction of the first steam submarines, imagined a highly efficient submarine, the "Nautilus," a fantastic idea to his contemporaries and readers then, but practical and in use to-day. His imagination captured by the sudden spurt of speed that came with steam power and the internal combustion engine, he dreamed a voyage round the world in 80 days. The people who laughed at that would have had him declared insane had he mentioned journeying around the world in the few days it would take a modern plane.

Aircraft were once kept at a low flying level because when you get high, oxygen becomes scarce, and men can't breathe. Then it became possible to equip planes and pilots with their own private oxygen supply; the state of the air outside didn't matter; they were made and they had it.

The creative part of the author starts to dream—back across the old

and question in the world, are there people on other stars? If we can travel outside the earth's air with our own oxygen, can we reach another star and find out? So an author imagines that somebody does this.

Very quickly he comes up against the problem of gravity. The spaceship in which his hero travels has to have the trick to sustain purely-fictional that, like oxygen, distribution as you move away from the earth's surface.

Then comes another question—when the ship is free of gravity, and cruising through space, the people in the ship are free of gravity, too, and there is nothing to hold them to the floor—they float up in the air of their vessel. Their weight changes, their muscular power changes—as the author has to study the effects of gravity and all the ways a person would be affected by the lack of or absence of gravity.

Because—and this is the whole point of science fiction—while the story is a test of imagination as to what could happen, the author has to be certain that it COULD happen, as a scientific possibility. He has to study science first.

The questioning reader asks, "What will happen to the men when his oxygen is used up?" The men will die, of course, because the human being, wherever he is, cannot live without oxygen. Now—what will happen when he dies? It depends on the circumstances of his ship, so long as it is powered and directed, it may float around in space indefinitely. But once it loses its power—

All around it there are heavenly bodies, each of which has its particular measure of gravity, to exert some pull. And the spent ship will not fly back to earth (or "fall" back to earth) simply because that is where it started from; it will "fall" to whichever of its surrounding heavenly bodies

BERNARD SHAW'S cosmic

we did not always score him the victories he expected. When Cornelia Otis Skinner opened in New York in his play, "Candide," he said: "Excellent -- Excellent." Miss Skinner modestly asked back: "Understanding such praise?" There was a golden opportunity and improbably asked again: "Mount the play?" But he had struck a tartar. Miss Skinner, bristling, answered: "No did I."

would not support an earth-man for a minute. We breathe oxygen, we drink a fluid of which oxygen is a part, without air and water, we die.

You need some imagination to get the picture—but that is the kind of picture from which the science fiction author starts. From there out he does just about what the wheelman author does with crime; he spins a story of human beings involved in these particular circumstances, but just as the wheelman author deals in death, the means of inflicting it, the means of detecting criminals, and hanging them in justice, so the science fiction writer deals instead with the facts of gravity, space, distance, speed.

He tries, imaginatively, to picture a world whose man is master of his natural limitations—and he craves his attention to answer the questions of wonder which are in every man's mind.

The primitive man asked, "How far away is the moon?" It took a long time to get an answer, but he did, eventually, get it. The modern man asks, "Is there life on Mars?" If so, what sort of people would the Martians be? Could they fly? Could we live there? And he has to answer to those questions. Scientists test for life on Mars and answer: "Maybe." Then the science fictioner fills the gaps.

Thus, though the science fiction story may strike a note of being impossible, that is hardly the word to use. The situations may be unlikely—or maybe they could only occur a long way in the future. But they are satisfactorily possible. The science fiction writer isn't so worried about that. He knows better than most people how hard it is to get the money that would build the jet craft that could reach Mars. But he doesn't want to build it; he just wants to give a peep into the possible future.

But behind these bits of treatment, the science fiction man is so concerned with people as any other kind of author. His men are keen, alert, brave adventurers. They are concerned with success more than with love (though they have time for that, too). They live in the atmosphere of machinery and formulas, rather than in the life of money and love. Their main money is novelty or jealousy; their main problem is space conquest.

By the science process, of course, there is the science fiction tale with which Grace Walker stamped the Asteroid 15 years ago—the invasion from without. The man from Mars land. The Flying Saucer comes from another planet to find out what goes on here. The idea is reasonable that if there is someone on those faraway worlds, they will know, or want to

know, about us. So science fiction claims that not, too, in the time that if we don't find them they may find us.

But it comes down to the final fact that science fiction is not an innovation, but a revival. Many detailed and more during than the science fiction of Verne, because of the extra capabilities we now have, and the more things we now know, and the further space we now conquer.

In a world kept science-fiction by every news release of atom bombs and nuclear fission, it seems that a greater part of the new knowledge must come to be reflected in the science we write and read. The science fiction of to-day may well be the forerunner of a new kind of entertainment for to-morrow, writing about as lightly as radio and newspaper.

exerts the strongest gravitational attraction upon it at the moment. Thus, scientifically, it could be "washed up" by gravity upon, say, Mars or the moon!

The science fiction approach demands a pretty wide view of the universe. It begins with a wide, sweeping picture of a vast space in which there are a lot of worlds, each with its own suns, its own climate, its own air, its own gravity, its own vegetation. Of these worlds the earth is only one. Travel a million miles into space, and the earth has become only a distant star.

Perhaps, sighting on the world of Uranus, all earthlings die: we know that two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, mixed in the proportion of one to two, form a substance which we call "water" and which helps keep us alive. But it is possible that on Uranus oxygen and hydrogen don't react to form a "water"—and that if any life existed there, it would be supported not by what we call oxygen, but by something else which



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Case 11. A man of forty years was interviewed from the Army with no old wounds from which he had suffered during his war. When he returned he was in such a state of mind, he was convinced that he had been shot. The doctor who treated him for his symptoms of ANGER, LACK OF INTEREST IN THE WORLD AND IN HIS FUTURE, and who was convinced that he had been shot, was the only one who was not convinced of his sanity.

From 1980, the company has been involved in a number of projects in the area of the environment, including the development of a new system for the management of waste, the construction of a new plant for the production of paper, and the implementation of a series of measures to improve the company's energy efficiency.

These items weighed into their decision to go. Shirley Green, owner of the store, wanted to get a new look for the store. The owners of the store had decided to build a new store, and the owners of the store had decided to build a new store.



YOU CAN BANISH RHEUMATIC PAIN THIS WAY

He/she addresses from amongst other methods of treatment. Green is regarded as one of the most effective, but in some cases, it may be larger than other breeds of some diseases, so the disease should be treated.

1. **Abstract** This paper discusses the
 2. **Keywords** *Keywords*

[illegible][illegible]

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**KATH
KING**

DANGER SIGNAL



BY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT
FRANCIS H. BELL, BOSTON.

WATER KING, SPECTACULAR
FRANCHISE, WRITER, COPY
PLAYS A VARIETY OF
FROM NEWSPAPER TO AD
MARKET. (20)

WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHER
PROOFED TRICKY TOO
TELEPHONE TO SAY THAT
HE WILL BE CALLING FOR
HER IN LIFE CASE, BUT
A GOOD WILL BE THERE



FOR SOME TIME KATH WATCHES A THING WHICH SEEMS TO BE LAUGHING THEN SHE TAKES BINOCULARS



KATH, WATCHING THROUGH HER GLASSES, WONDERES WHETHER THE LAUGHING IS IN FACTURE, COULD UNDERSTAND WITH THE MAN ON BOARD USE SEEMS TO BE PREPARING TO LAUNCH A DINGHY SO HE GOES OUT TO SEA. -----



LOOKING THROUGH HER BINOCULARS LATER KATH SEES THE LAUGHING REPEATED BUT THE DINGHY HAS GONE



THE BRIGHT FLASH OF LIGHT FROM A POSSIBLE ATTRACTO BOAT SHE WASTES AS IT IS REPEATED



WAVING OUT THE LIGHT FLASHES A LIGHTNING BOLT. KATH IS A LUCKY GIRL FOR THE ONLY FISHMAN WITHIN CLOSE DISTANCE OF RICHMOND COVE.



— THERE IS MORE FUN THAN COMFORTABLE MARCH HE GOES FOR THE DAY



AS THE LOCAL FISHMAN GET AVAILABLE, KATH DECIDES SHELL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING AND THE DISTRESS SIGNAL REPEAT



CALLING ON TED SMITH, A LOCAL FISHMAN, KATH TELLS HIM WHAT SHE HAS SEEN.



THE FISHMAN AGREES HE'D BEERIN' TALKIN' TO KATH.



WE'D BETTER USE YOUR LAUNCH, MINE WAS

KATH AND TED SMITH WASTE NO TIME GETTING AROUND THE LAUNCH



GET THE MESSAGE FOR THINKIN'

I ASKED THING TO LET MY FRIEND TALK TO KATH WHAT'S HAPPENED



THAT'S OKAY

TED SMITH'S BOY THING GOES UP TO THE HOUSE, AND SITS AROUND WITH









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THE LAST ASSIGNMENT

SHOULD THE REPORTER EXPOSE HIS WIFE AS
THE CHEAP LITTLE TRICKSTER SHE WAS?

ONE afternoon as I came into work a hot hair and with a lousy headache, I heard Stevens, the news editor, going into a map and dance to the reporters' room.

"Isn't Thomas in yet?" he bawled. "Why isn't I ever find that man when I want him?"

"Why, Steve, what's he done now?" one of the Big Room men asked, they were all there in a group sorting out their assignments.

Stevens only glared, his face red and his hair-raised glasses coming to rest on the bridge of his nose. But I was generally puzzled, and that's how I approached him: "Hiya, Steve. What's wrong? Got me in the gas again?"

He snaped violently at me, and then muttered helplessly: "Come into my office this minute."

Stevens departed his red-hot nose in the chair, and craned his neck like a fighting cock: "Listen, you recall a small assignment I gave you yesterday?"

"You mean the circus opening?" "I don't mean the ladder in Mother Murphy's stocking! Of course, I mean the circus opening."

"Well, what's the matter?" I asked.

"I turned in a pretty good story, if you ask me."

"Sure, you turned in a story all right. Good stuff. Colorful. Pictorial. Most special I ever had on a circus opening."

"Then why the groaner?"

"Why the groaner? You long-haired, lapping lunatics! That circus—it didn't open last night. That's the groaner."

"What?"

"It's to open to-night."

There was nothing I could do but stare at Stevens bewildered.

"You wrote it from the publicity sheet, didn't you? Pure imagination. And here I am with a column of news about something that's not yet happened."

"Well, Steve . . . I'm sorry. I didn't feel up to going to—"

"You're sorry! What am I going to say to the heads? Heaven help me. I can't get you. Sometimes I think I'm dealing with a purple-head and with more amp than ink in his veins!"

I just stood there while he told me off. There was nothing else to do. I had it coming. Finally, in a relaxed voice, he said: "Look here, Jim, this is no place for a man with a type-

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AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

winter in one hand and a bottle in the other. This is the third time I've had you on the carpet in two months. For the last two years you've been going downhill, and for the last six months—well, to put it bluntly, you've been a burden to us."

I could have told him I had been going downhill longer than that five years ago.

"By rights I should sack you for this, but I won't. I know you're a good man. I know what you can do if you'll only pull yourself up."

He stood up and leaned over, his hands on the desk. "I'm going to give you one more chance."

"That's fair enough. I won't let you down again."

"Okay," he granted. "We up to you. Now this is the important. The Polish princess, Wanda Karwinska, arrives here from the Continent today. She's on a lecture tour to raise funds for Karwin war orphans. You can contact her at the Hotel Regence. Have the interview back as early as you can. And by hell, Jim, I want a story—her background, adventures, the inside touch, you know—not just a few society page shenanigans."

I reached the Hotel Regence and I was full of ambition to turn in a good story.

I fronted the manager of the hotel, a little man, pug-nose and smiling, of spotted bathroom.

He said, "I'm afraid the Princess can see no one. She is very travel-weary and has not yet recovered from her confinement. She has asked me to say that she will be ready to make a statement to the Press later—sometime after four o'clock."

By backing the lifeline, I got the room number. The Princess' personal maid opened the door—she was dressed to go out—and tried to shut it, but I got my feet into place and was inside before she could do any-

thing about it. She said things in Polish, glared at me, and finally stomped into the bedroom. I thought she wasn't coming back, but she did, and coolly informed me that Her Highness would see me in a few minutes.

"That is most gracious of Your Highness," I called.

"It really is very kind of you," came Her Highness' voice, "and I should by rights refuse to see you."

"Your Highness has not been called charming for nothing."

"That seemed to please her and she laughed.

"Pour yourself a drink. You see, I know the weakness of your newspapers. In five little minutes I will have finished drinking."

I took her advice, only I poured two. She certainly enjoyed drinking and conversation. Her English was good, as was her Polish accent.

"Tell me, Your Highness, how is the fund for the Karwin war orphans programming?"

"Ah, people here have been kind. You know, already I have collected over a hundred pounds, money just waiting here for me when I come. People are so good. Now really I should—" She came from her bedroom into the lounge, speaking but the words slurred in a dazed state as she saw me, and I just stared at her. Instantly there was nothing on her face but a slight smile of interrogation.

"Would you like a drink?" she asked, sweeping over towards the decanter. She was startled as I, with her black hair glared high.

"So you're Wanda Karwinska. And do you really think you make a good Polish princess, old girl?"

"I beg your pardon? What do you mean?"

"I must be the last man you ever expected to meet here—in this country, in this city, on this hotel

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Tell me, how is every little thing behind the Iron Curtain, or wouldn't you know?"

She stiffened and put on the business. Yes, she was good all right. I laughed outright, and she said desperately "Will you go, or must I have the manager remove you?"

I just sat there and laughed. It was funny. "So that's your life, eh? Collecting for starving, penniless homeless kids. You're certainly doing all right for your little self, Princess."

"Get well. Get on this subject!" She went towards the phone; I wasn't rattled. I simply said to her "You're smart. You've showed. Surely you realize what a spot you're in. I'm not nearly the long-disappointed husband. I'm the fellow who was sent along to interview you. To get a story. Well, sweetheart, I've got that story, and without using you a word. And what a story. It's the scoop of the year. Can't you see the headlines? Polish Princess a Polish Intelligence Collector. Thousands. It's the story of a lifetime. See what I mean?"

I watched her face whiten, so that her highly-colored lips looked like blood on chalk. She just stood there. Then she said quietly: "Yes, I thank I do." And that was the end of her account, too.

I poured her a drink and another for myself. "You know, that'll set me up again. I was at a crisis in my life . . . on the way out."

There was something like lightning in her face, or rather the consciousness of a badged animal. "I see. You're going to blackmail me. How much do you want?"

"Nothing so crude. Nothing so unsatisfying."

"You don't really mean you would—?"

"I mean every thought you're

thinking. Fate has checked you between my fingers like a moth."

Her teeth dropped like the artificial thing it was. "You wouldn't expose me—Jee, you couldn't—not now."

It was nice to hear the cringing tone. But the sight of her there, staring the words at me, and I wanted to make her suffer, so she'd realize me. I let her hear it. That cold voice made I let her hear it. That cold voice making I came home from the night shift to find her gone, the note on the mantelpiece: a few brief words perfecting the end of our little tragedy.

What is a man that he can go from shock to humiliation to mindless rage, as I went? A rage that burned like a new power in me, and drove me through that house full of vindictive vengeance, as that I was capable walking fast in the snow, hunched into my sweater and gripping the revolver in my pocket, before I was aware of what I was doing.

I went on impetuously to the Redwood. I'd taken her there twice when she'd wanted to go. Poling and about with me, leaving carpets and dim lights, soft music. She wasn't at the Redwood, I asked the concierge, and he told me to try the Scherenswende.

The Scherenswende was the same as the Redwood, only there was more of everything and the hill was higher. I came up the street opposite the entrance, and was about to step off the curb to cross when I saw her come out of the foyer and pause on the top step.

I slipped back into a dark doorway, pulling the gun from my pocket. I had her under time in the night, and that too—the disheveled face of the well-dressed, middle-aged man she was with.

They came down the steps, arms linked. They hurried up the doorstep a little way towards a waiting car. My finger tightened on the trigger. The wind blustered around the car-

age, driving the coming rain. And then I heard her laugh, and somehow the happiness in it was pathetic. A shock of something in me. My eyes fell slowly.

The car left the curb, and I watched it go off down the wild and empty street. And whatever madman had possessed me passed with the car.

No, she didn't know that, and I didn't tell her that. But if she had only known it, she was lucky to be alive—I told her that. And I let her have it about killing my child.

"How can you say that?" she cried. "It was your neglect that killed that child. Would that accident have happened if you'd been at the house?" She never wanted the kid, anyway, and you weren't sorry when it died. You were rotten when I married you."

"Don't you think I've had my revenge?"

"Damn! You've never had a decent sentiment in your life. You don't know anything that's not selfish or necessary. Did the playboy you ran off with give you the life I failed to provide? Or did he—?"

"Yes, believe me, I tried to stay, but I couldn't. I wanted to live—my way. I built . . ."

"Stop it. You sound like a two-faced madwoman. And this is your idea of living. Traveling around the world with a title and an escort a maid, newspapers, clothes, five hotels . . . and all the more that fall for your superficial appeals for afflicted Korean children."

She walked to the window and I followed her with my eyes. This was one of her old stunts, the play for



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Impotence, the role to exact sympathy. It was all so dramatic it burned like a coal in my nostrils. She clasped her hands together and wrong them to emphasize one of her accents. "Oh, Jim, do try to believe me. It's been such a struggle. You're a good man. I never deserved you. It's all my fault, I know, but I couldn't help myself. And I tell you the truth when I say it has been a struggle."

She sat down beside me and pleaded. "Don't you see what will happen if you expose me?" The chance, the danger. All I have built up will topple, scattered out. I'll be back where I started. Haven't you any heart? You wouldn't do it, Sam. You wouldn't. I know you wouldn't."

I stood away from her, stood up, emphasizing the barrier between us. "You took the risk of discovery when you started this pose. Someday somebody was bound to find you out. How broadened that it should be me."

"Please . . . it's in your power to help me."

"That's what I mean. I wish the whip saw. You sent me on the down path, caused me to lose respect even for myself. Life's meant nothing to me since you crushed it so completely. Why should I consider you?"

She started to weep wildly, tears beginning to her, and there was a sob in her voice. It wasn't any part of insurance now.

"I've got the self-mutilating here type," I told her. "Not any longer."

The tears came then, harsh, flowing down her cheeks, hanging her eyes up to what it was. "Don't wean my life. Look, Jim, listen! We can go away together. Remarry. We can have a wonderful time. I'll be honest with you. I swear it. What if I do take some of that money I collect? They still get enough. My work is worth something. You can share it with me. Jim, please, please!"

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Down on the foyer of the hotel I felt even more lather I went down the street and hit the pub. I had three whiskies. Then I found a phone booth and dialled the office number. I wouldn't go back there. I'd turn in the story. I'd ask Stevens for a rewrite man and give it to him. But I wouldn't go back.

Then, when the line was open, and Stevens' voice greeted me my ear, I hung up.

I couldn't do it. I think that on a way I still loved her. She'd had a scare. That was enough. She'd got out of town now. Maybe she'd climb on the straight and narrow. If she didn't somebody would cop her sooner or later. But I couldn't do it.

I moped about for an hour or so, moping every drink I had. Then I went back to the office to head on my resignation. I didn't care that I was talked up. Stevens could go to hell. When he saw me he gave one hellow and opened up: "So you're back. Nice of you to let us know you work here. You've got a story, of course."

"There is no story."

"You're damned right there's no story. You see, you never went near her, did you? Well, this is it, Thomas. You can get your share. You're through."

He put my back up. "You're not firing me you're firing me. I'm pulling out. And I tell you there's no story. And I was with her, and it's like your damned tale to tell me I'm a liar. I just left her, not five minutes ago."

"You damned cynic! You blabbering no-broker, do I look like a babe in the wood?" Wanda Krawitzka's head. She jumped out of a window two hours ago.

I went away after that, and started a little paper in the country. Maybe I'll come to the tap again some day.

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29

She was suffering from leucemia so could not scream when the man entered her room—he murdered her



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•
FICTION

THE CAGED HEART

SHE wasn't asleep, but had drifted into an in-between state where the awareness of her body was a floating pleasure, the lightness of her limbs a temporary escape from fear as the immediate fact of being ill.

It didn't last. The doorbell sounded viciously, and Beth was frightened again. She didn't move while the memory of the scolding throbbed, its pointed repetition as agony. It came again, and Beth sat out of bed and threw a robe around her. She

hesitated at the door, unlocked it, and flung it open like a challenge.

It was only her hag and breakfast and, right now, very angry downstairs neighbour. Mrs. Clausen said "My kitchen is all wet, a regular flood. You—" She frowned past Beth at the open bed in its downspout frame "You were sleeping so early?" she asked. "You're sick?"

"Just a cold." It came out a whisper, grotesque, without meaning. Beth smiled apologetically and

washed her throat. "Laryngitis, I—"

"I'm sorry to disturb you, then. But your kitchen is leaking down—"

Beth pursued her in and they went into the small kitchen. There was a puddle under the refrigerator. Beth opened the door and there was a half-inch of water inside and a slow dripping from the pipes. "I'm sorry," she frowned with her lips. "It was dripping. The pan is too small." She turned the knob up to its maximum. "It'll be all right now."

"Don't disturb it again," Mrs. Clausen said. "Not when you can't take care—"

"I'm sorry," Beth whispered again. Mrs. Clausen strode out.

The bed was closer than the look on the door. She'd take care of it later. She was chilled now and she hurried into the bathroom. She had been worried about her voice at first. A mild laryngitis the doctor had said. Nothing to worry about.

Beth was warm now. She snuggled into the covers. There was peace here because she was alone. And then, because her sickness was a common thing, the thought of Jerry and the peace was gone.

She had stayed with him for a year. That, in itself, was a tribute to patience and an effort to understand and help. Gay Jerry, the continually smiling. Very stimulating and warm and happy to be with—at first. The "overload" had taken a long time, step by painful step. The cure of cruelty for which the smiles were a glittering mask, the vicious sadism that had slowly learned mastery and harmless control. Finally, there had been the puppy that had tumbled across their feet as they walked home through the park one afternoon. Jerry had broken its back with a kick. He had laughed at her hysteria, staring her rapidly home-ward, his finger pressing into the

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crews from him. He looked down at her and his smile came off and his bottom lip stiffened and protruded oddly.

Both moved quickly to the side of the bed away from him, but he was faster. He grabbed her arm and pulled her to her feet. She felt her head spinning and he pushed her away from him and she fell against the bedposts. "Yes," Jerry said.

Both went into the kitchen. She should be thinking, she should be doing something. Her thoughts darted like a rabbit in a maze. Her head was suddenly large and pounding, and she rested her forehead against the ceiling of the refrigerator. Automatically she put some water boiling and took a cup and saucer, put a tea bag in the cup, set them on the table. She opened the refrigerator . . .

"Well," and Jerry behind her "Just like old times."

Both started, took out the cream pitcher and put it on the table. Jerry made a deploring sound with his tongue. "You've forgotten so much that I like it straight." Sitting at the table, an ordinary husband would served a midnight snack by an ordinary wife. Both filled his cup with boiling water.

"Don't do that," he pressed, "you wouldn't want to scold me."

Both got the kettle back on the stove. "I'm not well," she whispered painfully. "I'm getting back into bed."

"You're eating while I have my tea. Sit down."

She sat and watched him, the ease of his manner, the natural accent, the family. She jumped up and ran for the door, and he was on her effortlessly, pressing her to the floor, his fingers in the flesh of her neck. Both breathed the dust of the carpet. It

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Talking Points

CHEKA

In "The Whipping Post," on page 3, Jack Odessa tells the true story of Peter Dzworak, a Pole by country but a Russian by adoption, who sent half a million people to their deaths in the red, blood-stained halls of the most devoted secret police whom the world has ever known—Russia's terrifying "Cheka."

PLEASURABLE PAIN

Robert J. Galway examines the make-up of the masochist, the neo-psychic masochist who gets an emotional kick out of inflicting pain on himself, or having someone else inflict the pain. Masochists are not as rare as you may think. Many normal men and women are known to have a certain degree of masochism in their make-up. This story is on page 11.

ERSON SALT

Derby Day at Epsom, in England, is quite a social event. The classic symbolizes all that is good and beautiful and honest in horse racing. When the 18th Earl of Derby celebrated the event over 175 years ago, he believed it would express Britain's blood stock. But race crooks soon besieged the event. However, Admiral Ross, England's most famous racing steward took control and rid the sport of its shame. A collection of stories, black-mailers and race-ringers as ever scattered outside the pages of *Max Gladdy*. Bill Delany tells how he did it on page 14.

PEARLS

Peter Harrowes takes readers along the coast of West Australia and along the northern waters to Thursday Island in search of pearls. These lustrous gems that go to adorn the throats of beautiful women the world over Pearl Diving is an adventure extraordinary—but only in the getting of the pearl and the accompanying hazards of the deep—but because of the greed of the human being. Quite often that greed leads to murder.

NEET MOONSH

Outstanding features and stories about readers in next month's *Cavalade*. James Holliday tells the story of Hugh Glass who was horribly mutilated by a grizzly bear, yet performed one of the greatest feats of endurance on record by crawling to safety through his miles of frozen, Indian-infested territory. Watch for "He Refused to Die." What are the functions of your prostate gland? This gland is very important and if not looked after, can cause terrible pain. Read "You And Your Prostate Gland" next month. Alfred Thompson tells of "The Bandit Who Howard a Nation," the story of Zepeda, one of the most cold-blooded bandits in history. Being less than not more Sydney Eben's "Puss Nood Tumbler." Fast stories by Bill Delany and other well-known journalists, and fiction by that master, Dave Riland, make the March issue of *Cavalade* something to be remembered.



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